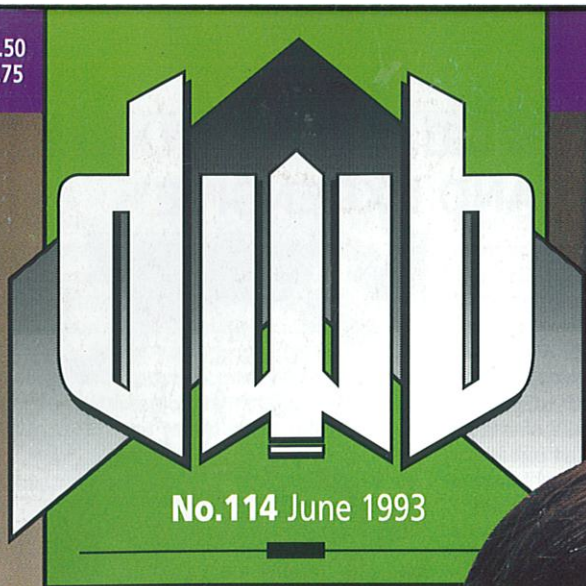


U.K. £2.50
U.S. \$5.75

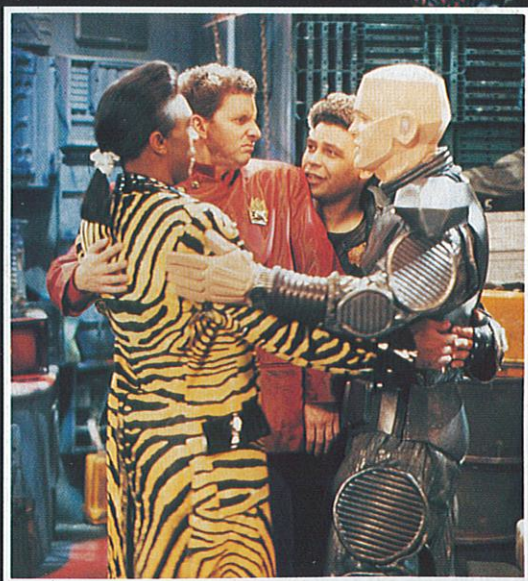


No.114 June 1993

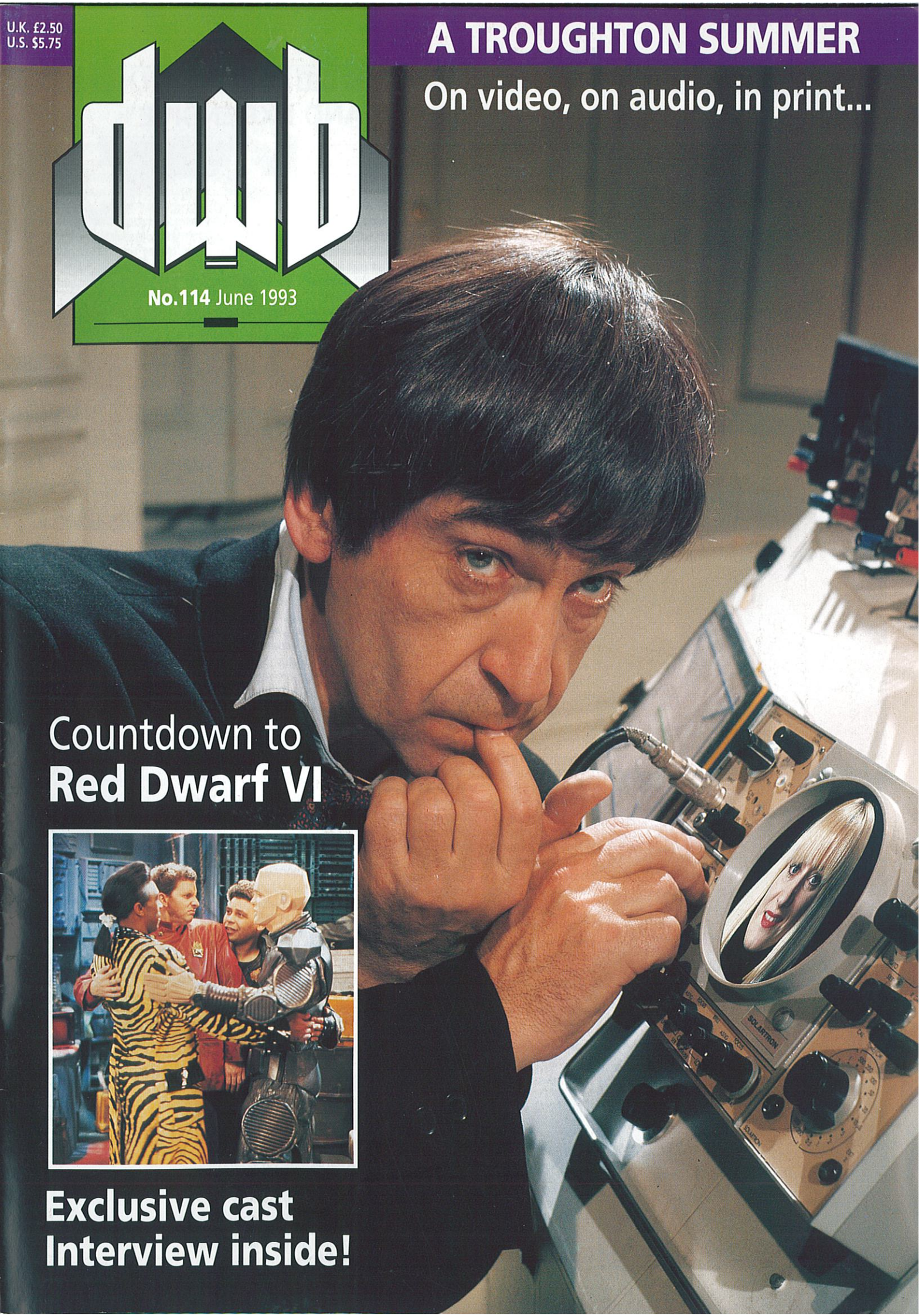
A TROUGHTON SUMMER

On video, on audio, in print...

Countdown to Red Dwarf VI



**Exclusive cast
Interview inside!**





PO Box 1015, Brighton BN2 2YU

Editor • Anthony Brown
Executive Editor • Gary Leigh
Design Consultant • Gary Wales
Subscription Manager • Roma Bendel

"Plans always go wrong. But at least if you've got a plan you know what's gone wrong."

Four months in, I've decided to adopt that as DWB's motto. Of course, this issue wasn't helped by my own attempt at imitating Groundhog Day, by forgetting which week it was, though the postal delay which meant that Kathleen's DS9 coverage didn't arrive till this morning, after I'd hastily rejigged the issue to fill the resulting gap, was an equally unfortunate development. I hope those of you waiting with bated breath for the latest batch of episode summaries can manage to wait another three weeks...

Anyway, the issue's made it by the skin of its teeth, and should be out in time for Manopticon. I'll be there, so feel free to complain about my work if you spot me in the bar. In the meantime, I'm going to be busy dealing with some missing episodes Duncan Harvey & I believe we've found. The WHO purists out there can calm down, as they're not Doctor Who, telefantasy, or even television, but if we've got what we think we have, the cult comedy fans amongst you should be pleased...

ANTHONY

Thanks to: Jeremy & Paula Benthall, Nigel Thomas, Gary Russell, Kate Cotten at Grant Naylor, BBC Video, Charlotte Tudor at Virgin Books, Tony Clark, Sheldon Collins.

DWB113 omission: *The Making of Silver Nemesis* review was written by Anthony Clark.

NOTICES

Tim Burchell: DWB wishes to make it clear that DOCTOR WHO fan Mr Tim Burchell from Bristol is in no way part of the DWB team, and we wish to distance ourselves from his most recent claim, at the BBC Enterprises 30th Anniversary press launch, to be a representative of DWB. DWB takes a dim view of its name being misused in this manner and will not hesitate to act should a similar incident occur again.

Richard Boon: We would be grateful if Richard Boon, who purchased Alister Pearson's DWB 25th Anniversary cover artwork at the Space Mountain I auction a couple of years ago, would get in touch, as we are hoping to reuse the original artwork as part of a DWB tenth anniversary special to be published later this year.

TO ORDER NEXT ISSUE (DWB 115, July 1993): send a crossed cheque/PO payable to DWB for £3.00 (£3.40 for card-reinforced first-class envelope) or US\$5.75 to DWB 105, 5 Whitegate Gardens, Harrow-Weald, Middlesex HA3 6BW.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: A one year subscription (12 issues) costs £30/US\$69 (or £35/\$79 for first-class card-reinforced envelopes).

ADVERTISING RATES AND CONDITIONS

Classified adverts: £3.95 for 50 words. FAN: One page (A4 camera ready) £120; half page (192x130/94x265mm) £60; quarter page (94x130/45x265mm) £30; eighth page (45x130/94x60mm) £15; small ads — maximum 50 words — £3.95. COMMERCIAL: One page £150; half page £75; quarter page £37.50; eighth page £18.75. Full colour rates available on request. All rates inclusive of VAT. 15% discount available for three or more insertions and charity ventures. Adverts must conform to the above dimensions and be of a tidy appearance. Adverts can be set by us for an additional 25%.

VOLUME V, NUMBER V: published Friday 28th May 1993 by Gary Leigh to whom all material is copyright and may not be reproduced in any form without prior permission. The opinions expressed herein are those solely of the writers and are not indicative of editorial policy. No attempt is made to infringe any existing related copyrights. Printed by the Reprographic Centre. Print run 4,600.

Doctor Who news

DOCTOR WHO WILL ONLY RETURN IF "GLOSSY AND EXPENSIVE"

BBC Enterprises held a press launch for the thirtieth anniversary on Tuesday the 27th April, at one of the newest, strangest looking and emptiest office blocks in London - The Ark, just next to the Hammersmith Broadway. But with no further announcements forthcoming, the occasion was little more than a publicity stunt for this year's video schedule, which has already borne fruit in the video columns of the national press.

In reports the next day, some papers interpreted the launch as heralding the return of the programme, though Yentob's "The door is not yet closed" statement was the only one read out. Enterprises' chief Tony Greenwood did however reveal that if DOCTOR WHO returns it must be able to compete on equal terms with the multi-million dollar budgets of series such as STAR TREK - THE NEXT GENERATION. A passing reference to the feature film - which he said would have a similarly expensive and hi-tech look - provoked derisive laughter from the fans present. A member of the press did however point out that DOCTOR WHO's inherent appeal had always been its reliance on drama and quality of scripting, which would disguise any other shortfalls in production. But it appears that the direction is set, and it can only be hoped that if and when WHO returns the scripts will be given the same attention as the sets and effects...

THE EVENT

Special guests for the occasion included four Doctors - Jon Pertwee, Peter Davison, Colin Baker and Sylvester McCoy (Tom Baker having 'work commitments') - Nicholas Courtney and Brian Hodgson and about twenty people from BBC Enterprises. Most of the national press and many TV crews also attended - THIS MORNING WITH NICK AND ANNE and MOVIES MOVIES MOVIES were represented, as was Radio One, who were recording items with all four Doctors for a competition on the Simon Bates show. One of the film crews reportedly got a shock from Pertwee at one point, when they asked "Aren't all these DOCTOR WHO fans a bit mad?" only for Pertwee to respond "You're the mad one" before walking off in mid-interview!

The event started around 11.00pm with a photocall for all the Doctors and various BBC Exhibition monsters which lasted a good hour. The Doctors then milled around while,

80s VIDEOS FOR 30th ANNIVERSARY

BBC Video have unveiled an interesting choice of releases for the latter part of the year, which will leave Tom Baker's Doctor largely neglected during the thirtieth anniversary celebrations.

As previously reported, *Doctor Who and the Silurians* will be released as a colourised twin pack on the 5th July (at £16.99), with *The Curse of Peladon* following on August the 2nd.

September the 6th will see the release of *Remembrance of the Daleks* (in stereo) and *The Chase*, but courtesy of BBC Video's Bright Ideas Department, they will be sold together in a special Dalek-themed presentation box (complete with 'Dalek booklet') which should make it pretty difficult to slot them in at the correct position on your shelves... The tapes themselves will be placed in card sleeves within the box. Price for the boxed set will be £29.99.

October's release will be *The Trial of a Time Lord*, issued as a three pack in a TARDIS-shaped box at £34.99 (October 4th). And finally, the "fan's choice" videos on 1st November will be... *The Two Doctors* (£16.99) and *Resurrection of the Daleks*.

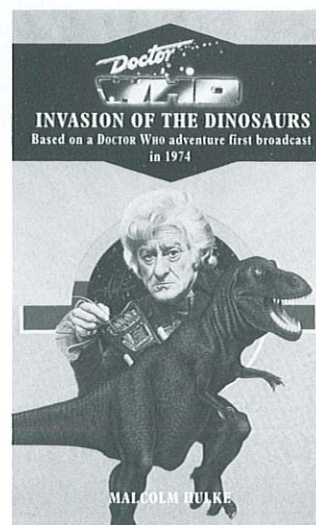


predictably, a Dalek (or rather BBC Video's resident WHO 'expert' Adrian Rigelsford) spoke for the cameras.

At 1.20 the official press conference itself started, with Nicholas Courtney presenting an overlong presentation on the history of DOCTOR WHO, its various stars (the accompanying press pack stresses the appearances of names such as John Cleese, Bernard Bresslaw, Rula Lenska, Richard Briers and Alexei Sayle, with a heavy emphasis on the JNT guest stars), and the merchandise generated by it, accompanied by a 'hi-tech' slide show. There was then a rather impressive nine minute promotional video which led up to the highlight of the day - the four Doctors, the Brigadier and a representative of Enterprises on stage together, convention-style.

Questions ranged from "What was your favourite moment" through to "When is the series coming back", which drew the predictable response from the Enterprises' rep that "the door is not yet shut, the series may come back..." He did however state that DOCTOR WHO is one of the very few BBC Programmes that earns more money than it took to make, confirming a long standing belief of fandom's.

Hank Dexter



RADIO WHO ENTERS STUDIO

Recording of the Radio Five DOCTOR WHO serial *Paradise of Death* was scheduled for May 22nd and 25th, as we went to press, for transmission between the 27th August and the 24th September (though some BBC press releases have stated 27th July to 24th August). Scripted by Barry Letts and directed by the highly regarded Radio LE producer Phil Clarke, the scripts (delivered on the 6th May) are based around one of the ideas Letts submitted to Gerry Davis in 1966.

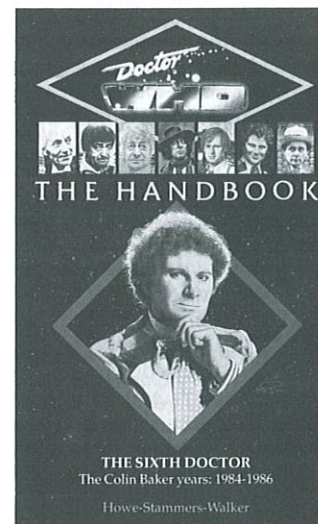
Jon Pertwee is joined for the five part serial by Nicholas Courtney (as the Brigadier), Elisabeth Sladen (as Sarah Jane Smith) and Peter Miles, playing the villain.

Set between *The Time Warrior* and *Invasion of the Dinosaurs* in an (unfortunately) flawed attempt to fit the serial into established continuity while leaving the opportunity for future serials to make use of other UNIT characters such as Mike Yates, *Paradise of Death* concerns the SpaceWorld Theme Park on Hampstead Heath which arouses the Doctor and UNIT's suspicions after a mysterious death.

The serial will also be released by the BBC Radio Collection on the 6th September, allowing purchasers to enjoy the stereo production which Radio Five will be unable to relay.

Production of the much delayed Audio Collection tapes of *Power of the Daleks* and *Fury from the Deep* began on the 17th May, with Eric Saward commenting that the recording "went very well - Tom Baker is great fun and a pleasure to work with", and release is scheduled for August the 2nd and October the 4th respectively. In addition, *The Tomb of the Cybermen* (reviewed, page 12) is to be released on June the 7th, while a *30 Years at the Radiophonic Workshop* sound effects CD will be issued on the 5th July. This contains effects from all eras of the series, including Chumble noises from *Galaxy Four*, Yeti effects from *The Web of Fear*, the original Sonic Screwdriver (as heard in *The War Games*), background effects from *Dragonfire* and *The Caves of Androzani*, and the TARDIS doors, from *The Invasion of Time*, though how they can be certain I don't know... Definitely worth buying a CD player for!

SIXTH DOCTOR HANDBOOK ATTEMPTED TO SLANT HISTORY



A furious Eric Saward protested after seeing the first draft of the forthcoming *Sixth Doctor Handbook*, the book intended as the definitive, objective and accurate assessment of the period in question, and demanded that his quotes be withdrawn in light of the manner in which they had been used. A satisfactory compromise has now been reached, but Saward felt initially that a recent controversial account of events had been unfairly countered by gushing quotes given by other people under

less forthright circumstances (for instance, by Colin Baker immediately after his casting in '84) in a manner which made him appear "a liar and a hypocrite." Questioned about the book's tendency to smooth over the well-documented controversy which embroiled DOCTOR WHO in the mid-eighties, co-author Stephen James Walker initially stated that Virgin were not in the habit of publishing controversial books, accepting that this was the authors' inclination after it was suggested that recent NEW ADVENTURES had been highly controversial. He has since said that he has 'learnt a lesson' from the experience.

Gary Leigh

DALEK BOOKS CONFIRMED

Contracts have now been signed for the *Resurrection of the Daleks* and *Revelation of the Daleks* novelisations, the manuscript for the first of these being due on 31st July. As yet, Virgin have not issued a contract for *Return of the Autons*.

Left is the cover for the reprint of *Invasion of the Dinosaurs*. Next January's reprints will be *The Robots of Death* and *Talons of Weng-Chiang*, with *Horror of Fang Rock* and *The Invisible Enemy* following in February.

MANOPTICON DROPS SAWARD AND LEVINE IN RESPONSE TO COLIN BAKER ULTIMATUM

Manopticon have reluctantly agreed to drop Eric Saward and Ian Levine from their guest list after Colin Baker - only weeks before the late May Bank holiday event - told the organisers that under no circumstances would he attend if his former script editor and consultant were present. With Saward and Levine booked and scheduled to appear months before even Baker himself, and having left their schedules free for the event, Manopticon's decision to comply with Baker's deplorable demand proved doubly humiliating and insulting, as was the later suggestion that they might attend if they were to leave before Baker's arrival. Paul Cornell, the organiser, whilst genuinely sorry about the whole situation, maintained that when push came to shove it was the Doctors Joe Fanboy came to see, overlooking the fact that Colin Baker has more or less saturated the convention circuit in recent years, whilst Eric Saward - currently of particular interest given his work on the Audio Collection tapes and his novelisations - last attended a convention back in 1982!

Outraged at the actor's audacity, Ian Levine (who had been going to provide material, including extended versions of eighties stories, for the con) was all the more puzzled by Baker's behaviour since, only a few weeks earlier, he eagerly co-operated in the ENTERTAINMENT EXPRESS 'Bring Back WHO' slot which Levine instigated.

Gary Leigh



Dreamwatch Bulletin 114

Contents

news	2
letters	5
Boyz from the Dwarf - Red Dwarf Cast Interview	7
The Invasion review	10
The Power of the Daleks - Novelisation and script book review	12
Tomb of the Cybermen audio review	12
Michael Kilgarriff Interview	13
Blood on his Hands - A look at the Doctor's violent side	14
The Full Circle	
Part Four - Clinging to the Wreckage	16
The Alternative Making of Silver Nemesis	19
New Brooms Creating Mess & Brickbats and Buckets for the Beeb - Two commentaries on TV from the Daily Mail	20
The Keeper of Traken review	21
Lucifer Rising review	22
Dalek Films review	22
Red Dwarf Programme Guide review	23
Primordial Soup - the Red Dwarf scripts review	23
Red Dwarf Programme Guide review	23
The Quantum Leap Book review	24
Survivors tape two review	25
ITC reviews	26

Cover: "So that's where she's got to!" The Doctor solves the mystery of Holly's disappearance. Patrick Troughton as the Doctor from *The Ice Warriors*, Chris Barrie, Craig Charles, Danny John-Jules and Robert Llewellyn (and Hattie Hayridge!) as the crew of Red Dwarf. Red Dwarf photo - Make Vaughan.
Back Cover: Sarah Sutton as Nyssa in *The Keeper of Traken*. (BBC Video)

NEXT ISSUE: A Pertwee focus

Barry Letts interviewed...

Pertwee director Paul Bernard speaks...

The Pertwee era - why some love, and some hate it.

Doctor Who and the Silurians

More on Red Dwarf VI, with a talking book competition!

Print the Legend - how justified is Star Trek's reputation as a liberal pioneer?

Star Trek VI - Mental rape?

Deep Space Nine - the delayed episodes and all the usual reviews and news...

RATINGS for the later repeats continue to drop below the BBC2 top thirty, with fewer than 1.5 million viewers giving the final Doctors a try. It could be worse though, as *Broadcast* recently noted that in Northern Ireland "BBC2's DOCTOR WHO repeats have been out-rating A YEAR IN PROVENCE." Ratings for *The Caves of Androzani* were 2.1, 1.9, 1.9 and 1.4 million respectively.

Meanwhile, DOCTOR WHO's UK Gold ratings have quadrupled since the series' move to its 11.30pm slot, capturing 6.3% of satellite and cable households to the delight of head of scheduling Tony Iffland, who commented "It's the thirtysomethings who are now tuning into the innocent quaint charm of DOCTOR WHO..."

QUANTUM LEAP'S AMBIGUOUS ENDING

The final episode of QUANTUM LEAP, *Mirror Image* aired on the 6th May, and has been badly received by the series' American fans. Though all hope of a continuation is not yet lost, the producers have been suggesting that fans should give up on NBC, and aim their campaigns at other potential buyers.

Trailed by NBC as the 'episode which would answer all your questions', the final episode has lived up to these claims in the same manner as *Fall Out*, the final instalment of THE PRISONER. Sam arrives in a mining town bar on the very day of his birth, but as himself - he has not leapt into anyone. He eventually concludes that the bartender is God, though his name, Al Bar, is apparently a reference to executive producer Donald Bellisario's father... The barman eventually tells Sam that he, not

anyone else, controls his leaps, and Sam puts this to the test by aiming to leap back into the second season episode *MIA*, so that he can save Al Calavici's marriage to his first wife Beth, who remarried while Al was missing in action during the Vietnam war. This ending is deliberately ambiguous and was intended as the lead in to a sixth season, but certain scenes were (visibly) redubbed after NBC dropped the series. Finally, a caption replaces the original ending, and informs the audience that Admiral Calavici and his wife Beth recently celebrated their 39th wedding anniversary with their four children, while "Dr Sam Beckett never returned home."

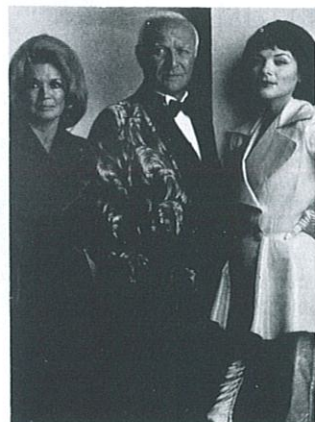
Kathleen Toth

A major feature on QUANTUM LEAP, with full episode guide to all five seasons, will appear in DWB shortly.

BBC TO SCREEN SURREAL SOAP IN AUTUMN

WILD PALMS, the six hour miniseries variously described as "1993's answer to TWIN PEAKS", "The television event of the year" and "Oliver Stone's *Heaven's Gate*" began screening on ABC television on the 18th May. BBC2 will run the series in the Autumn, probably in the 9pm Tuesday 'American weirdness' slot.

Set in 2007 against a back-drop of virtual reality, multinational corporations and mind controlling television imagery, the series is based around Bruce Wagner's cult comic strip and directed by Peter (Bill & Ted) Hewitt, Keith Gordon, Kathryn (Lost Boys) Bigelow and Phil Joanou with Oliver (JFK etc) Stone in overall control. Stone also plays himself in one self-referential scene, where chat-show host Wagner interviews him as newly released files prove JFK's conspiracy theories right, fifteen years on... Other cast members include James Belushi, Dana Delany, Robert Loggia, Angie



Dickinson, Kim (Valeris) Cattrell, CHEERS' Bebe Neuwirth and David Warner.

A 'mixture of KNOTS LANDING and The Dark Knight', WILD PALMS promises to be a love-it or hate-it experience from its opening shot of a rhino in a swimming pool, with insiders promising both brilliant success and total disaster...

FULL REPORT NEXT ISSUE

BABYLON FIVE READY FOR SERIES?

Four scripts have been commissioned as a standby against a BABYLON FIVE series, and its creator, J. Michael Straczynski has been confidently predicting a firm go-ahead for several weeks. More objective observers however suggest that BABYLON FIVE will only go to series if TIME TRAX (currently on stand-by) is cancelled, as the Warner 'network' couldn't afford both.

Straczynski has written the first

three scripts, while the fourth comes from the pen of 'creative consultant' Harlan Ellison. Straczynski's first script ("the best I've ever written") is entitled *Blood and Thunder*, though this is likely to change, as his wife has pointed out that fans would rename it *Thud and Blunder*, while media fans are already laying bets on how long the notorious prickly Ellison will last if the series does get the go-ahead.

DATA AND LORE JOIN WITH THE BORG IN TNG CLIFFHANGER

Descent, the final episode of the sixth season of THE NEXT GENERATION sees the Borg returning in style, as the consequences of Picard's actions in *I, Borg* come back to haunt him. Hugh Borg has indeed introduced individuality and emotions to the Borg - but they have become more dangerous as a result, developing hostile emotions and a specifically vindictive and aggressive attitude towards the Federation. Paralleling this, Data's emotional breakthrough (hinted at in *The Birthright*, where he breaks through to a new level of programming) finally occurs as he kills a Borg - he experiences rage and hate, and comes to echo Lore's emotional balance... Picard is read the riot act over his actions in *I, Borg* by the chilly Admiral Nechayev (*Chain of Command*), while Data falls under the influence of a captive Borg, with whom he leaves in a shuttle. Pursuing, the main cast find themselves surrounded by Borg, who cease their attack on a command from Lore - and Data...

Rumours continue to abound about STAR TREK VII, with many of them claiming that William Shatner has demanded top billing and top fees. At the moment, it seems likely that THE NEXT GENERATION will forego its traditional Christmas filming break this year, so that work on the film can begin by April for possible release on December the 16th 1994. Ronald D Moore and Brannon Braga are currently in seclusion while working on two possible scripts - one a pure TNG script, the other including a role for the original crew. It seems likely however that the latter will be segmented, with the actions of some (and only some) of the original crew creating a problem for the Enterprise-D to resolve eighty years later. Only Spock would be likely to run across both plots.

*Tis the season to be British on TNG - at least if you're a Cardassian! Linda (THE AVENGERS) Thorson recently played a distinctly glamorous female Cardassian in the recent TNG episode *The Chase*.

**The Inner Light* has been nominated for a Hugo award, along with *Aladdin*, *Alien3* and *Bram Stoker's Dracula*. A number of episodes of the original series were nominated for Hugos, with *The Menagerie* taking the award.

*Patrick Stewart has been nominated as the 'best dramatic TV performer of the decade' by TV Guide, refuelling controversy at his continual failure to achieve an Emmy nomination. Recent changes in the Emmy rules have allowed guest stars to receive nominations, leading to the establishment of a new American

TV Awards by ABC, for which Stewart has been nominated. Rick Berman has applauded this decision.

*The Mel Brooks Robin Hood spoof *Men in Tights*, starring Patrick Stewart amongst others, is scheduled for an August release in the States, if Mel Brooks can manage to edit it to under two hours in time.

*Avery Brooks is reprising his role of Hawk in a made-for-cable movie of SPENSER FOR HIRE (whose third and final season returned to BBC1 on the 21st May) during the DS9 hiatus. Though set, as was the series, in Boston, the film is being made in the cheaper Toronto, and is likely to present the DS9 make-up department with problems, once Brooks has recreated Hawk's bald look for the production...

Kathleen Toth

DWB OUTSELLS THE REST!

DWB is the best selling magazine title at London's leading science fiction and comic retailer, Forbidden Planet, selling an astonishing 600 copies a month. FP's top ten is 1) DWB (600); 2) DS9 Magazine (500); 3) TV Zone (450); 4) Starburst (350); 5) Cinefex, DWM & The Frame (300); 6) Epilog, Femme Fatale & Starlog (250) - food for thought if these figures were to be reflected in sales from general newsagents - DWB is already available from John Menzies at Euston station, and WH Smith in Birmingham!

FP have proposed that DWB join Virgin and BBC Video in a September signing at which the DWB's Tenth Anniversary book will premiere...

briefly...

Star Trek VI is now available on sell-through at £13.99 (but shop around) with an overview trailer of both series, the movies and DS9 on the start of the tape, and a commemorative booklet included.

Various SF tapes are currently available at £7.99 as part of a Woolworth's promotion, including BLAKE'S 7 1-4; THE CHAMPIONS, SPACE 1999 and *StarTrek's I-V* and various classic & TNG titles.

Vengeance on Varos is at number three in the video charts.

The Abominable Snowmen and The Pirate Planet are awaiting confirmation as the next two entries in Titan's Who scriptbook series.

CURSE OF WHO SIGNALS MORE CHANGES AT THE BEEB

In an unexpected move Mark Shivas, BBC Drama Chief for the last five years, was deposed late in April, the decision being first rumoured as he flew out to the Cannes Film Festival to promote the SCREEN TWO film *Enchanted April*. His successor is Charles Denton, Chief Executive of independent production company Zenith and head of the independent producers' association PACT, who had repeatedly denied that he would be joining the BBC until his appointment was announced.

Shivas, producer of costume dramas such as THE SIX WIVES OF HENRY VIII and, less successfully, THE BORGAS, replaced Jonathan Powell as Head of Series and Serials in 1988. Since then he had concentrated on films, filmed serials and single dramas such as SCREENS ONE and TWO, a policy some have blamed for the continual disappointments the BBC has suffered with drama series over recent years. It seems poetic justice therefore that Shivas has been made responsible for films and SCREEN TWO, a sideways move which amounts to a demotion. His plan to establish a separate head of independent production - a position for which Denton had been tipped - has also been dropped, after insiders warned that it might lead to scores of resignations within the Corporation.

His treatment of DOCTOR WHO throughout his tenure was typical of his disinterest in series - though nominally responsible for DOCTOR WHO throughout that time, he made no decisions on it beyond the reappointment of John Nathan-Turner as producer for season twenty-six, and seems since then to have left the series entirely in the hands of his subordinate, head of series Peter Cregeen (who remains in his post, and appears likely to do so). It has been suggested that this disinterest contributed to the series' long hiatus, as Cregeen was too junior a figure to override the licencing and merchandising clashes which are believed to have halted the 1991 attempts to find it an independent producer, and Shivas made no attempt to do so. Briefly, BBC Enterprises are said to have insisted on retaining so large a share of overseas and licencing rights that Cregeen was unable to offer terms which any of the producers approached found acceptable.

By this interpretation, the arrival of Charles Denton should provide fresh momentum to attempts to revive DOCTOR WHO. His former company, Zenith (producers of THE PARADISE CLUB and INSPECTOR MORSE) is reputed to have bid to produce DOCTOR WHO in 1991. If so, Denton will be aware of the potential the series has to offer, and might be expected to use his weight to

resolve any rights conflicts between Enterprises and potential independent producers - and as a 'poacher turned gamekeeper' he might perhaps have special sympathy for the producers' objections to Enterprises' terms.

In any case, a major shake-up of BBC drama seems likely, while the departure of Shivas sees another of the people who have done little to help DOCTOR WHO while in a position to do so struck down by what might almost be called the 'Curse of WHO'. It seems a hopeful sign for the series that those who have been indifferent or hostile towards it have tended to lose out in the recent changes at the Beeb, while those who have been vaguely supportive towards it (such as Alan Yentob and new BBC2 Controller Michael Jackson, under whose aegis, as Head of Arts and Music and overall chief of THE LATE SHOW, the recent repeats and reconstructions have taken place) have prospered, perhaps indicating that those who have good judgement in televisual terms have tended to see potential in the show. If so, the prospects of its return can only improve as those responsible for recent BBC policy continue to move on...

OVER AT BBC2...

Despite the recent sports related disappearance of THUNDERBIRDS, STINGRAY and THE MAN FROM UNCLE, telefantasy and vintage television seem safe on BBC2 under new Controller Michael Jackson. Recent schedules have seen an increasing connection between BBC1 and BBC2 programmes (viz: the scheduling of the TV HELL documentary *Nul Points* immediately before THE EUROVISION SONG CONTEST), indicating that as rumoured Yentob is acting as senior Controller, overseeing both channels to some extent, while the current Crime and Punishment season, complete with an evening of vintage cop shows on the Bank Holiday, indicates that themed archive days and seasons are to continue. Most clearly, however, Jackson (instigator, as has been noted above, of THE LATE SHOW, which has been responsible for BBC2's recent support of DOCTOR WHO) who at 35 is the second youngest Controller the channel has ever had, stated that his essential elements for the channel included, in addition to expected successes such as HAVE I GOT NEWS FOR YOU and ABSOLUTELY FABULOUS, THUNDERBIRDS, explaining that for his generation the programmes they grew up with formed an essential part of the common culture. DOCTOR WHO is of course ever bit as much a part of that culture as THUNDERBIRDS...

Anthony Brown

WHO FAN WINS MASTERMIND!

This year's MASTERMIND champion (and the youngest ever) is Gavin Fuller, who answered questions on DOCTOR WHO in the first round. After the specialist subject round of the final he stood in second place on 17 points, achieving a further 15 points in the general knowledge round; despite, as in the first round, failing a question whose answer he could perhaps have learnt from DOCTOR WHO! However he didn't need

worry, as the tension got to first round leader David Tombs, who, as Magnus Magnusson observed, missed several answers he clearly knew and eventually came in fourth, allowing Gavin to win by one point.

"In the first round he didn't know that the name of the priest responsible for the Bonfire of the Vanities was *Hieronymous*; here, he claimed that a mixture of cement, water and gravel forms water, not, as Romana stated in *Destiny of the Daleks*, concrete!

letters

Ladbroke Grove vs. Gallifrey!

Daniel O'Mahony Hants

The 80's theme to DWB113 worked fairly well, though I could have done with some more Davison material. It's nice to see *Revelation of the Daleks* getting some critical acclaim, and equally aggravating to see the old myth about the *Vengeance on Varos* acid bath being perpetuated. Okay, there's a lot wrong with the scene in question and the whole story in general, but if you watch carefully it's apparent that the Doctor doesn't actually push the guards in (the first is surprised when the Doctor comes round, and topples back into the bath; the second is dragged in by his colleague). But what's this on page 19? A whole new myth! Josiah, not the Doctor, cracks the "cream of Scotland Yard" joke. Anthony Brown's article on Cartmel was very impressive, one of the best I've seen on the subject. And the 'face behind the mask' photographic revelation was long overdue.

If there's any problem I have with DWB113 it's Jeremy Bentham's article 'Doctors Who Need Virgin...'. It really ought to have been called 'Ladbroke Grove versus America', as Mr. Bentham has clearly gone down with a touch of the Screaming Michael Medveds. The arguments about extending the range of the NEW ADVENTURES to cover other Doctors are valid (if a little old hat; re Tim Munro's superior article back in DWB 73) but Jeremy doesn't seem to touch on these, preferring to use them as a pretext to launch his hysterical tirade against cyberpunk, pessimism and any associated literary trend which he sees as 'perverting' the true integrity of DOCTOR WHO. In writing this JJB is serving an illusion. He seems to believe in a mythical series called DOCTOR WHO which has an inflexibly constant upbeat tone built into its format and remains aloof from letting anything 'vulgar' into its little world. It's not the DOCTOR WHO I've been watching for most of my life. It's a mythical series which exists only in the minds of a handful of highly placed reactionaries. In attempting to palm this ineffectual impostor off as the genuine article, Jeremy is doing himself no favours, and DOCTOR WHO a great disservice. The Science Fiction writer Brian Aldiss once wrote 'that piddling word 'pessimistic' has long kept SF hanging back at the nursery door'. The same, I suggest, applies to DOCTOR WHO.

Jeremy seems happy to associate the pessimism of some of the NEW ADVENTURES (quickly skirting over the schmalzy *Love and War* and other upbeat tales) with the fact that they are written for the seventh Doctor. His conclusion seems to be that were Virgin to publish stories for any other Doctor, the dark visions which so offend him would evaporate and the NEW ADVENTURES would instantly embrace the optimistic tone which characterises the DOCTOR WHO of his imagination. He has ultimate proof! *The Highest Science* is not a pessimistic book, he argues, but it doesn't feel like a McCoy tale so therefore his argument is proved! I fear that if Peter Darvill-Evans does commission a range of OLD ADVENTURES then Jeremy will be disappointed. Writers aren't suddenly going to drop gloomy and dystopian themes because they're writing for William Hartnell or Tom Baker rather than McCoy. DOCTOR WHO's format is, has always been, will always be, wide enough to embrace a range of themes and that's not going to change just because one dissatisfied fan thinks otherwise. Upbeat storylines have never been part of DOCTOR WHO's holy writ. It is a generally optimistic series, but it isn't restricted to the form. It's perfectly possible for a third Doctor and Liz story to end on a downbeat note just as a seventh Doctor and Ace one can end positively. What Jeremy is advocating would cripple any OLD ADVENTURES project - if not kill it - and remains the principal stumbling block in the way of any such venture. There is a great deal of mileage in a series of original past-Doctor novels and the concept shouldn't be written off, but I can't help feeling that given the opportunity most writers would present those past Doctors as caricatures of the originals - neatly packaged entities with laboured characteristics and eccentricities

that conform only to the JNT-era press release descriptions of the originals (a la *The Five Doctors*.)

All this distracts from the real point of Jeremys article, which is a fairly simple rant against the violation of DOCTOR WHO by "unsuitable" cyberpunk (more accurately; neuromantic) themes. I agree with him to a limited extent. I don't like neuromanticism and the three NEW ADVENTURES that have closest approached that sub-genre have only served to reinforce my opinion that DOCTOR WHO and cyberpunk don't really hit it off (*The Pit* isn't part of this genre, it's a shameless rip-off of Tim Powers' *The Anubis Gates*). But, unlike Jeremy, I can't wait to read the cyberpunk NEW ADVENTURE that will convince me otherwise. The three novels I refer to - *Warhead*, *Love and War* and *Transit* - are not just bad DOCTOR WHO, they are bad cyberpunk too - shallow hack-work cobbled together with the help of the 'Cyberpunk Cliches Handbook' (as Orson Scott Card puts it, "Splash some drugs onto brain-and-microchip interface, mix it up with some vague sixties-style counterculture, and then use really self-conscious, affected language, and you've got cyberpunk"). Cornell's prose is good enough to disguise this, and Cartmel skims through his novel elegantly enough to disguise its fundamentally mundane, inoffensive nature. *Transit* was a disaster because Ben Aaronovitch is incapable of writing prose or devising characters that match even the crude standard of his 'by numbers' plots. This is what Jeremy Bentham should be complaining about - bad writing. That offers far more of a threat to DOCTOR WHO than any darkening of the tone. Fortunately the NEW ADVENTURES have had their share of good writing, and a fair distribution of the up and the downbeat. Call me paranoid, but I suspect I'm still not getting to the heart of Jeremy's sentiments. What I believe has really upset him is DOCTOR WHO's newfound embracing of the possibility that our society is capable of corruption and degeneration. I feel that Jeremy has a soul-

WHICH OF THESE STATEMENTS IS T

1. SALMON CAN RIDE MOPEDS.
2. JON PERTWEE'S REAL NAME IS A BOING.
3. THERE ARE WILD BUFFALO IN PI
4. COLIN BAKER IS ALLERGIC TO E TREES.
5. SUB POP HAVE SIGNED A BAND CALLED SPOON THE AXON.
6. EDWARD FURLONG LIVES IN BORE
7. THE WORLD'S FASTEST SWALLOW A KROTON.
8. 'TOP' IS THE BEST NEW FANZINE YEARS AND ISSUE 3 IS OUT NOW

TO FIND OUT SEND £1.20 TO JOHN CONNORS, 8 HENLEY ROAD, LIVERP L18 2DW.



Boyz from the Dwarf

mate in Michael Medved. Perhaps they could both stick to watching the wholesomeness that is STAR TREK in future...

Strictly speaking, a "tory" is an Irish horse thief. Which makes it rather a shame that the third Doctor wasn't one. Now, I'd just like to add my thoughts on the swearing debate... or maybe not. Pass the cigars and brandy.

Stephen Field, London

Under Peter Davill-Evans' editorship the NEW ADVENTURES have moved more and more to include sexual behaviour in the WHO universe and while not intrinsically opposed to this I feel only Andrew Cartmel's excellent *Warhead* manages the incorporation of such material within the spirit of WHO. In *Transit* the treatment of sexual matters, although not offensive within the confines of Science-Fiction, nevertheless seemed entirely inappropriate to WHO. However I read through it and shrugged such defects off. Now we have Peter Davill-Evans' own book, *Deceit*, and I find this rather more worrying. The passages between Britta and Lacuna on p.96-100 and 115-118, surrounding something worse implied to have happened intermediately, are repugnant. Although nothing is detailed directly the events are clearly sexual in nature with the repeated invocation of nakedness, revealing clothing, bathing, and the rather pathetically amusing (phallic) stalagmites (but no stalactites) conveying the message. The emphasis is on the humiliation and abuse of Britta in front of many others, and the ambivalence of her feelings about this, covering a fairly forth-right subtext of "she likes it really". By way of character background to explain this, all we are given is that she has been separated from her lover for a long time - presumably we are to assume she must be desperate for it. Although the word has become a little abused in connection with the NEW ADVENTURES these passages are genuinely pornographic in everything but explicitness (let us at least be thankful for that omission). Having been honestly shocked at such material appearing in a WHO book I read on at least expecting these events to be placed within a moral context, feeling that they needed to be directly addressed rather than just condemned implicitly. In the event the Doctor at no time even seems to notice Britta except for a cursory greeting, and at the end of the book Britta and Lacuna go off together to (one can only assume) continue their S-M relationship; remembering that Lacuna was never corrupted by the Pool, having already committed murder to achieve her desire for power before being connected up to it. Adding insult to injury the whole character of Britta turned out to have been irrelevant to the workings of the plot. I do not suggest that Peter Davill-Evans expects us to approve of all this - rather I assume he expects us to bring in our own condemnation, saving the writer from having to address moral concerns on the page himself. However I do not feel it is acceptable to treat pornographic material like this in any book, and it is all the more astonishing in a series of books that is based on a TV series that has spent 26 years directly championing a clear moral stance. In short it is both bad and bad WHO.

The Future History cycle as a whole, and Peter Davill-Evans's book in particular are intended, as I understand it, to map out Peter Davill-Evans's vision of WHO on the printed page. With respect to sex that vision largely seems to involve abuse of one individual by another (both *Deceit* and *Transit*), a general stress on casual encounters, and a sordid background. Only in Paul Cornell's *Love and War* is there an attempt to show sex in a more positive light - and even here the pace of events makes Jan and Ace's relationship seem fleeting and unsatisfactory. Although I am not convinced sex in WHO is necessary it certainly could form a valid part of DOCTOR WHO in print - In *Warhead* the image of Justine and Vincent upstairs in the Doctor's house with the Doctor downstairs both aware and implicitly approving was a very attractive one and shows sexual relationships can work in WHO. (Incidentally this was also central to the plot). Peter Davill-Evans's *Deceit* gives me little hope that any other writer under his editorship will provide us with a second

satisfactory treatment of this tricky subject.

Graham D'Amlral, 26 Chester Road, Slidcup, DA15 8SG.

I have found the few NEW ADVENTURES (*Genesys*, *Love and War*, *The Highest Science* and *The Pit*) that I have read very good but with the exception perhaps of *Love and War* the start of the books have been a little boring and in parts confusing. But still, all have had very good story lines. Congratulations to Paul Cornell for a quite spectacular effort in *Love and War* with a great story justifying such an explosive ending. I've yet to read *Revelation* but if it's half as good it will be a great novel. And I can't wait for Cornell's third book to be released. I really don't have much to say about *Transit* except that if it continues to feature in your magazine it could become a regular feature. And I might even buy it - just out of curiosity you understand.

But on a different note it seems to me there is something missing from the NEW ADVENTURES - Daleks. I mean this really does seem odd - is Terry Nation getting in the way again as he did with UK Gold?

ENTERTAINMENT EXPRESS

Mark Taylor, Sunderland

Well, the ENTERTAINMENT EXPRESS item turned out to be a huge anti-climax, and something of an embarrassing spectacle. While some of the comments made by the former Doctors made sense, the fans interviewed did not help the cause at all. The comment made by Andrew Beech was completely ridiculous. The idea of locking 'the powers that be' into a room until he relents and brings DOCTOR WHO back was quite ridiculous. This sort of behaviour does not endear our cause to the general public, and certainly not the BBC.

I'm sure that Ian Levine's long-winded, poorly written, and rather pompous letter to John Birt did more harm than good. While Levine's work recovering and restoring episodes can't be faulted, what does he think gives him the right to dictate to the BBC the length of the season, that it can't be a cartoon, and that surplus material should be recorded for video, etc? And the comment about producing six stories a season, is he naturally assuming that any new season would be twenty-six episodes, each of twenty-five minutes duration? While you're at it, why not put it on Saturday at 6.05pm, preceded by Basil Brush and followed by THE DUCHESS OF DUKE STREET! This isn't 1976.

I also find the argument about the amount of money that the show produces from merchandising one that could easily backfire. The BBC have realised that the show can make money, hence the proliferation of videos, audiotapes etc. If they can make such a profit without having to bother making the programme, surely they are going to carry on doing so? We are in a delicate position, although we do not want the public and the BBC to forget DOCTOR WHO, if we continue in this confused and narrow-minded manner the 'powers that be' may become so sick of us and the programme that they may never consider its return.

SURVIVORS

Paul Mount, Cardiff

Watching the long-awaited SURVIVORS videos was a sobering and frankly unsettling experience - not just because the episodes were as dramatically outstanding and relevant in 1993 as they were back in 1975. The greatest impact SURVIVORS has had on me now (particularly not having seen *The Fourth Horseman* before) is that it has brought home, with dreadful clarity, the terrible realisation that the BBC couldn't - and, more damning, wouldn't - make a series like this today. When, I wonder, did the BBC lose it? When did the Corporation decide that public funds would be better diverted into imported Aussie soaps, bland soap operas, cheap chat and quiz shows and, worst of all, streams of identikit cops and detectives? I realise that the days of Terry Nation, David

Whitaker, Terence Dudley, Kit Pedler (the list is virtually endless) have long gone but there must be someone in a position of power at the BBC who can come up with the goods and give the public something to think about again? Or are we doomed to watch the Corporation forever desperately chasing its tail trying to come up with a cop as 'compulsive' as INSPECTOR MORSE? I'm not advocating science-fiction in the typical BBC style (God forbid; we've all had enough of BLAKE'S SEVEN and latterday DOCTOR WHO) but a few thought-provoking series even half as riveting as SURVIVORS wouldn't go amiss. Are the glory days of imaginative television really all over - or are half-baked STAR TREK derivatives really all we've got to look forward to?

Michael Dennis, Derby

Am I the only person who thinks that if a topic other than one related directly to TV's science-fiction output raises its head on the letters page it might actually be quite interesting to hear reader's views rather than instantly brush it under the carpet? I write this, really, in response to the correspondence that has ensued since the issue of homosexuality was mentioned on the letters page; at once a rush of letters aimed to point out that DWB was not the right forum for a discussion of this kind. But why? Alright, I accept that DWB is first and foremost a magazine about telefantasy and therefore this will be the staple fare of any reader correspondence, but why the knee-jerk reaction on the odd occasion when any non-related topic appears? I'm not advocating a general veering away from DWB's meat and drink and neither do I think that every subject matter would be suitable - your comment last issue for example about party politics being off limits seems prudent, and equally, the recent swearing debate has been a bit dry - but it casts a very grim picture of a horribly parochial fandom when the letters page seems to project an attitude of 'I don't want to talk about that - I want to say how vehemently I object to the colour scheme of the latest video cover!'. Surely we can entertain more vigorous debate when it occasionally (and bear that word in mind) appears? Am I being too unrealistic? Perhaps. Come to think of it, the *Image of the Fendahl* cover was pretty dire. Maybe we could discuss it over a drink...

THE FRAME

David J Howe, The Frame

Thanks for the review of the final issue of *The Frame* (DWB 113) While Gary Leigh's opinions on the content and quality of the issue are his own to express as he sees fit, I am writing to point out that a couple of Gary's comments are factually incorrect and misleading. Firstly, Nicola Bryant did not in any way restrict our interview to non-WHO matters. The decision to present the interview in that way was ours and ours alone and to suggest otherwise is very insulting to Ms Bryant.

Secondly, despite what Gary might like to believe, all our interviews are conducted because we are interested in what the interviewees have to say and not because of any photographic material the people concerned may or may not have. Most of the interviews in the final *Frame* were conducted during research for *The Sixties* and coincidentally having found so much unseen photographic material - in the case of Paul Allen too late to include any of it in the book - we wanted to share it with others through *The Frame*. In total the issue features about 50 previously unpublished stills and we are pleased to give them the exposure they deserve.

I hope that DWB readers will by now be used to Gary Leigh's defensive backslashing whenever anyone expresses the opinion that DWB may be in some way lacking and will decide for themselves whether the final issue of *The Frame* is good or bad. We allow our publications to stand on their own merits and see no need to defend them.

Classifieds

MEN IN SUITS required for video project starring Peter Davison, Colin Baker and Sylvester McCoy. Extras needed. Men or women in suits, or smart dress, aged over 20 are required for a conference sequence. We will be filming in West London in late June. Contact : Bill Baggs, 53 South Road, Beeston, Nottingham, NG9 1LY.

WANTED: Back issues of *The Frame* (will pay good prices for early issues), DWW/DWM (in good condition), anything Dalek-related (fanzines, mags, books, games, toys, whatever). Send details with asking price/postage and phone number to: Tony, 51 Kingsmead Road, London SW2 3HY.

GAYLAXIANS LONDON. Social Group for Lesbians, Gays, Bisexuals and their friends interested in Sci-Fi, Horror and Fantasy. Meets at 8.00pm first Monday of every month at Central Station pub, 37 Wharfedale Road, London N1. Kings Cross tube. For further details write to Gaylaxians at the above address enclosing a S.A.E.

CLUB TROPICANA - under new management! Issue three features 64 pages of DOCTOR WHO, STAR TREK, ROBIN OF SHERWOOD, Horror Films; by Keith Topping, Amanda Murray, John Pettigrew and others. Thought-provoking! Spine-chilling! Postmodernmungus! Eclectic! Fun! £2.50 from 21 Victoria Road, Fordingbridge, Hampshire SP6 1DD. Cheques payable to Daniel O'Mahony.

DOCTOR WHO Season Seven audio tape special. Includes Third Doctor Analysis, Reviews of *Silurians* and *Inferno*. Plus Jon Pertwee and Much More! Please Send 40p, C90 Cassette and SAE to Robert Bradley, 23 Lee Lane, Langley, Heanor, Derbyshire. DE75 7HN.

Eye of Harmony issue three now A4 with an A5 heart, out now, more reviews, fiction, funnies and opinions. *Earthshock*, *Dragonfire*, *Menagerie* - The end! £2 from Leslie P Hollis, 40 Cotterills Lane, Alum Rock, Birmingham B83ER.

The Great Intelligence A new DOCTOR WHO fan group in Cambridge, we meet every Monday and generally talk about what's been happening in the world of DOCTOR WHO. Any real DOCTOR WHO fan is welcome, for more information you can phone Richard Wright on 0638-660237 from 4pm-5pm weekdays.

New Local Telefantasy Group seeks members in the South East Are for fun and informal monthly meetings. Interested? Contact Stefan, 10 Hazelwick Rd, Three Bridges, Crawley, RH10 1LZ.

TOP issue three includes the commercialism of DOCTOR WHO, *Marx and Macra*, *Revelation* set visit, Daytime TV plus lots more, it costs a mere one pound and twenty pence. See ad for details. Miss it and you're a big moose!

Capitol Spires : First Issue. A5 Who fanzine available now. Fan fiction, *Terror of the Autons*, *In Memory Alone*, *The Awakening*, DOCTOR WHO Graphic novels and much more! Please send £1 coinage (inc.P&P) to: Capitol Spires, 26 Briar Way, Oxford, OX4 5SE.

On Friday 12th March, I was lucky enough to catch up with the remaining four members of the cast of RED DWARF - Craig Charles, Chris Barrie, Danny John Jules and Robert Llewellyn - in the canteen at Shepperton Studios. They were in the middle of recording the eagerly RED DWARF VI, and I had just had the privilege of watching that morning's rehearsals - of which, more in a later issue. What follows is the resulting conversation (which includes some strong language) with the four jolly decent boys from the 'Dwarf'.

Q: How did you get involved with RED DWARF?

Craig Charles: Through Paul Jackson - I was doing SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE. Paul Jackson sent me a script of the Cat, and asked my opinions on the Cat's character, to see if I thought the Cat was racist. I said "No, I thought it was cool, but I wouldn't mind playing Lister". They bought me in to audition with Chris [Barrie], and I went away. Then I was recalled with Chris for a different script, and then they said "You've got the gig". So it was kind of weird, 'cos Alfred Molina had already been given the part of Lister....

Chris Barrie: No, Rimmer, Rimmer....

Craig Charles: Rimmer? Well, someone had already been given the part of Lister.

Chris Barrie: Yeah, they had already cast them [Rimmer and Lister] to two 'Luvvies' [Luvvies = a term meaning 'real' actors.]

Craig Charles: But they decided that they'd get in the 'A-Team'.

[This causes some amusement amongst the rest of the cast.]

Craig Charles: But I don't think Alfred Molina's too worried about it.

Chris Barrie: He's been doing all right, I think.

Q: So you were actually first on the crew, Doctor?

Chris Barrie: I think I must have been, yeah, because... erm... although I think they had spoken about Danny for the Cat to me; so I think they probably had him signed up

first, but yeah.

Craig Charles: He was first in the audition, and they stopped auditioning as soon as they saw him.

Chris Barrie: But I'd worked with Rob [Grant] and Doug [Naylor] in the JASPER CARROT show, and a radio show called SON OF CLICHE, and SPITTING IMAGE, and things. **Craig Charles:** RED DWARF came from SON OF CLICHE, didn't it?

Chris Barrie: Well, I think one of the actors in SON OF CLICHE was the original concept, maybe, for one of the parts in RED DWARF - you'd have to ask Rob and Doug about that. But anyway, they thought they would audition people that they knew and had worked with, to see what they were like, and [puts on Rimmer voice] one of them was me. I wanted to do Lister, actually.

Q: How about swapping over?

Craig Charles: We did, in *Bodyswap*.

Chris Barrie: I mean, you could never swap like now, 'cos the characters are so strongly defined. But it would've been interesting to see different versions of each character. We're quite sort of properly cast, you know. I think Craig and me are the right parts for the right characters.. **Craig Charles:** But we all want to be Kryten, though. [At this point, Robert Llewellyn tries to suppress a chuckle].

Craig Charles: We're putting a rock band together called 'The Four Krytens'.

[Robert Llewellyn's suppression tactics fail].

Q: Would you go through the Kryten make-up process, though?

Craig Charles: I would, but it's a pain and I haven't done it, but Robert's done it so often that it's a pain in the arse...

Q: Robert, you came into the show for the third season after somebody else had already played Kryten [David Ross]. Did that bother you at all?

Robert Llewellyn: Not really, no. I thought he [David] was very good - I saw the episode - but it was very different, the whole thing was different; the set-up was

different; the scripts were different, so I don't think it did. I mean, I didn't know what I'd let myself in for - it was more of a shock than going 'Oh God, I'm filling someone else's shoes'. I think if he had been in it for two years, it would be a very different gig, but he was only in one episode.

Q: This is your fourth year as Kryten. Would you have taken the part on at all if you'd known you would have to go through the make-up routine for four years?

Robert Llewellyn: I don't know how you can tell. I can't go through a time-war like that. I mean, I really enjoy everything about it, except the actual make-up, and I only moan about that because it's a habit [laughs]. But I mean it is pretty grim, that's the very grim part. I really love it. As you can see, we have a laugh.

Q: Yeah, I was watching the rehearsal, and it was more fun than watching an actual episode.

Craig Charles: High praise indeed!!

Q: It's a shame they don't tape some of that stuff.

Danny John Jules: That's where most of the gags appear really.

Chris Barrie: When we record it tomorrow night, it won't be that much different.

Robert Llewellyn: The alarming thing about Rob and Doug is that when we do that and they're there, they're sort of pacing up and down in the background, and we think they're not paying us any attention, but they've got their bloody recorders on.

Danny John Jules: If they were there today, they would have got two scenes worth of material.

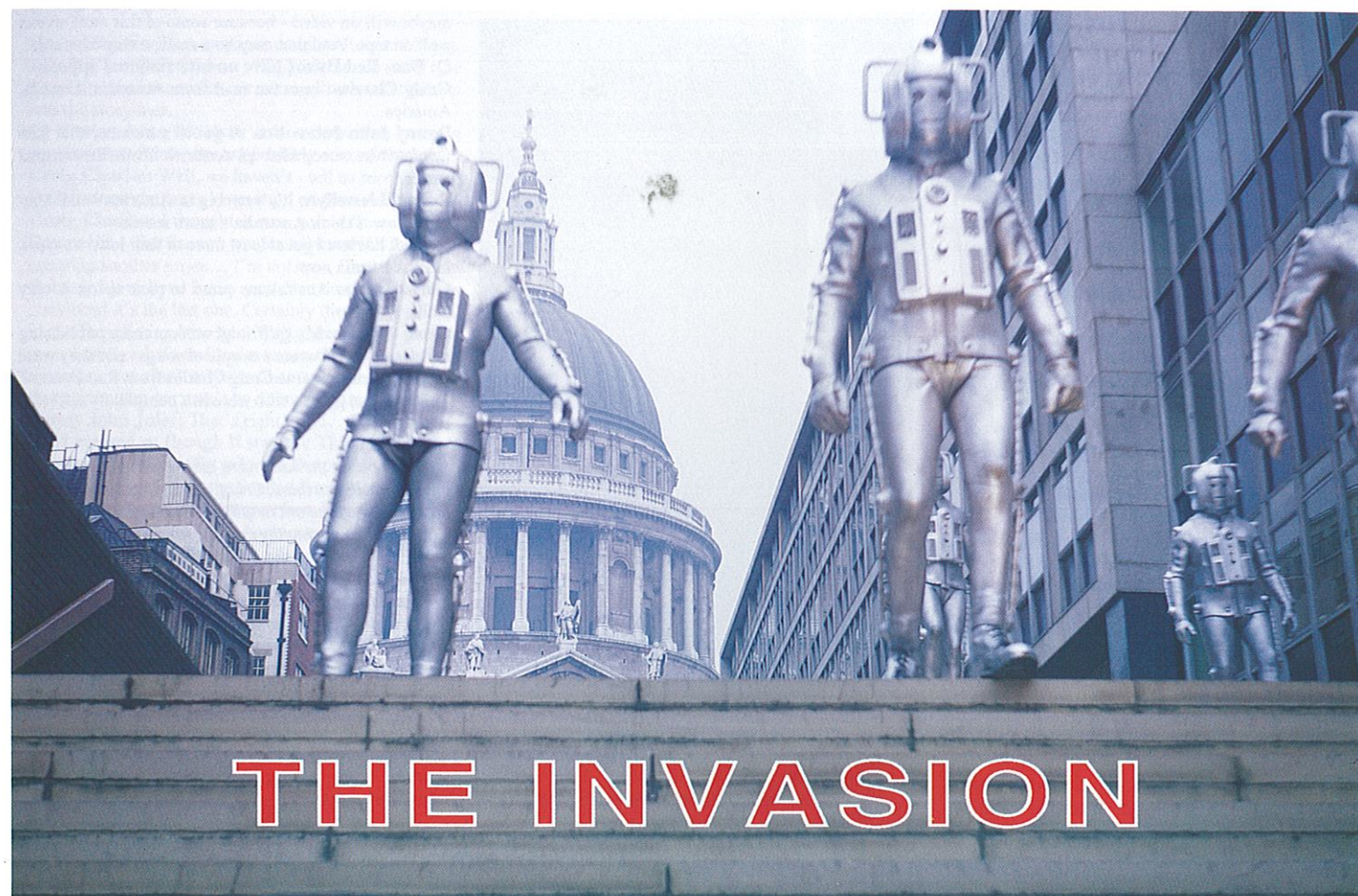
Q: Do you think they get material for the show by watching yourselves?

Craig Charles: Oh, definitely, definitely.

Robert Llewellyn: We're very like our characters in a lot of ways - not entirely, but there's lots of similarities - it's quite disturbing.

Bad luck for Kryten - Left to right, Lister (Craig Charles), Kryten (Robert Llewellyn) and Cat (Danny John Jules). Photo - Mike Vaughan





IMAGINE, if you can, an eight week Dalek story where the main protagonists only appear after the narrative has already run half its course. Then conjure up a scenario where the Daleks utter almost no dialogue. Sounds preposterous doesn't it, but if *The Invasion* is a Cyber-story then that formula is exactly what you have for the Cybermen's fourth and final encounter with Patrick Troughton's Doctor. In fact, the whole structure from end to end defies the normal logic of a DOCTOR WHO adventure insofar as there is no mention of the enemy in the story title, a delayed (and then only fleeting) first glimpse of the Cybermen despite the passage of 100 minutes of plot, and a reduction of their role to that of so much intergalactic muscle. If all this sounds like a recipe for disaster then you're wrong: *The Invasion* is a near faultless slice of meticulously crafted plotting that boasts some of the best cliff-hangers the show has ever seen.

One of the main misconceptions that viewers are likely to bring to their first encounter with *The Invasion* is the notion that they're about to sit down and watch a Cyberman story. Sorry, but you'd be wrong to think this. The story actually revolves around the messianic ravings of a megalomaniac industrialist, Tobias Vaughn. All right, so he intends to use the Cybermen to help fulfil his aims, but it is his battle with the Doctor that gives substance and form to the plot. In the end this conflict plays out so well that the Cybermen are almost an irrelevance at times, although in fairness they really don't stand much of a chance when paired up with Kevin Stoney's superlative performance as Vaughn. DOCTOR WHO has never had a better written and acted villain, and all his scenes are a tour de force of character portrayal that makes everything we've seen in recent years look like so much panto hamming. By the end of the story you really feel that you have come to know Vaughn's mo-

tives so well that he becomes almost sympathetic, if not likeable.

Thematically *Invasion* makes great play out of spreading its net wider than most DOCTOR WHO stories. This is partly facilitated by its length, although Derrick Sherwin's script is so neatly precise that each episode is stocked with meat and little else. Therefore, there is ample opportunity to explore that plot's potential as both an exciting roller-coaster yarn, and as a commentary on faceless transnational corporations and their amorphous, and therefore ill-defined, role in the world's establishment. In this scheme of things, the Cybermen provide the thrills and spills while Vaughn and his I.E. (International Electromatics) corporation teases out the bigger questions. To my mind this is one of the great strengths of the story - monsters for the kids and some serious 'adult' content. This mix of action-adventure and provocative morality tale has given a longevity to many of the show's best loved stories, and in *The Invasion* can be found its apotheosis.

I run the risk of running out of superlatives, or at least over using them in this review. But it really is seriously difficult to find much wrong with *The Invasion*. For instance the incidental music, with the exception of the UNIT theme, is all very atmospheric - a mix of music concrete and struck strings. A tape of it recently surfaced from within the dark recesses of the BBC and I understand that there is talk about releasing some of it. It is a fine example of musical minimalism at its very best. If I have any criticism of *The Invasion* then it must be its lack of plot development. It thunders on for a full eight episodes without really breaking from a fairly linear track. A fair summary of the story would be something like: "Industrial giant uses monopoly technology to subdue the world whilst his alien allies come in and take control". That said, when the twists do come, they are all the more effective for being so at odds with the flow of the narrative, and the 'sort-of false ending' is eventually rounded off in a blur of orgiastic activity and a thunderous battle. Like so much of the action carried by the Cybermen, this final conflict gives a real menace to the silver giants that was sadly lost with the advent of colour. In *Invasion* the Cybermen are really very scary.

The ensemble acting of the three regulars is, as always, very good. In fact, for *Invasion* Zoe reverts some way to

becoming the human computer from *The Wheel in Space*, although this time she actually appears to be enjoying herself. Jamie's innocent abroad routine has become so well practiced by this late stage that his counterplay with the Doctor is invariably very amusing. Here, captured in their relationship, is the best example of how to get humour into the series without recourse to slapstick or jokey characters. A genuine warmth is portrayed between Jamie and the Doctor, but rather than relying on the type of buddy sequences so often used in American drama, here their closeness is imparted by small gestures and one-liner asides.

Of the supporting cast no one really falls down too badly, although the Isobel Watkins character, whilst being perfectly acceptable on paper, is portrayed by Sally Faulkner as being rather too scatty for my liking. The feminist potential inherent in the role is often dissipated by a performance that makes light of the theme, which seems a terrible waste of a good opportunity. Perhaps this weakness would not have stood out so obviously in some other stories, but when you're up against the palpable spite of Vaughn's security chief, Packer, or faced with the main protagonist himself, then any flaws in a performance are thrown into high relief.

I suppose I'll have to mention UNIT at some point so I guess I'll get it over and done with as quickly as possible. *The Invasion* was the first UNIT story. There, that's it. The fact that it bears absolutely no resemblance to the happy family organisation of the same name from season eight onwards is undoubtedly in the story's favour. Otherwise there's really not very much of note that can be said. UNIT was a device for offering up military muscle and organisation without recourse to using a rather parochial national force. After all, if you're fighting aliens then everyone would be getting involved, not just us Brits. The fact that UNIT became a major player in the Doctor's future may be of historical interest, but it really has no relevance to *The Invasion*.

Of course, the version of the story that the BBC is offering up is of course missing two episodes. Whilst this will deny viewers the chance of seeing the Doctor's first encounter with Vaughn, and quite a lot of early plot exposition, having parts one and four absent is not that much of a handicap in the end. For me the greatest loss will be the Doctor's worried comment to Jamie about Vaughn's blink rate. There, in one short scene, we are primed to think that, apart from him being obviously slimy, there might just be something genuinely sinister about Vaughn. Splendid stuff, but sadly gone; and no resume, could recapture the magic of the moment. Of course, having Nick Courtney provide the links for the missing episodes is as good a substitute as is available, but his links are pretty minimal - episode one is covered by the standard "How Bret Vyon led to the Colonel, who became the Brigadier" anecdote, and about a minute of very basic plot summary. I'd have been tempted to use a mix of straight exposition, photographs and clips of sound track, but JNT's version of the links consists of Nick and an auto cue.

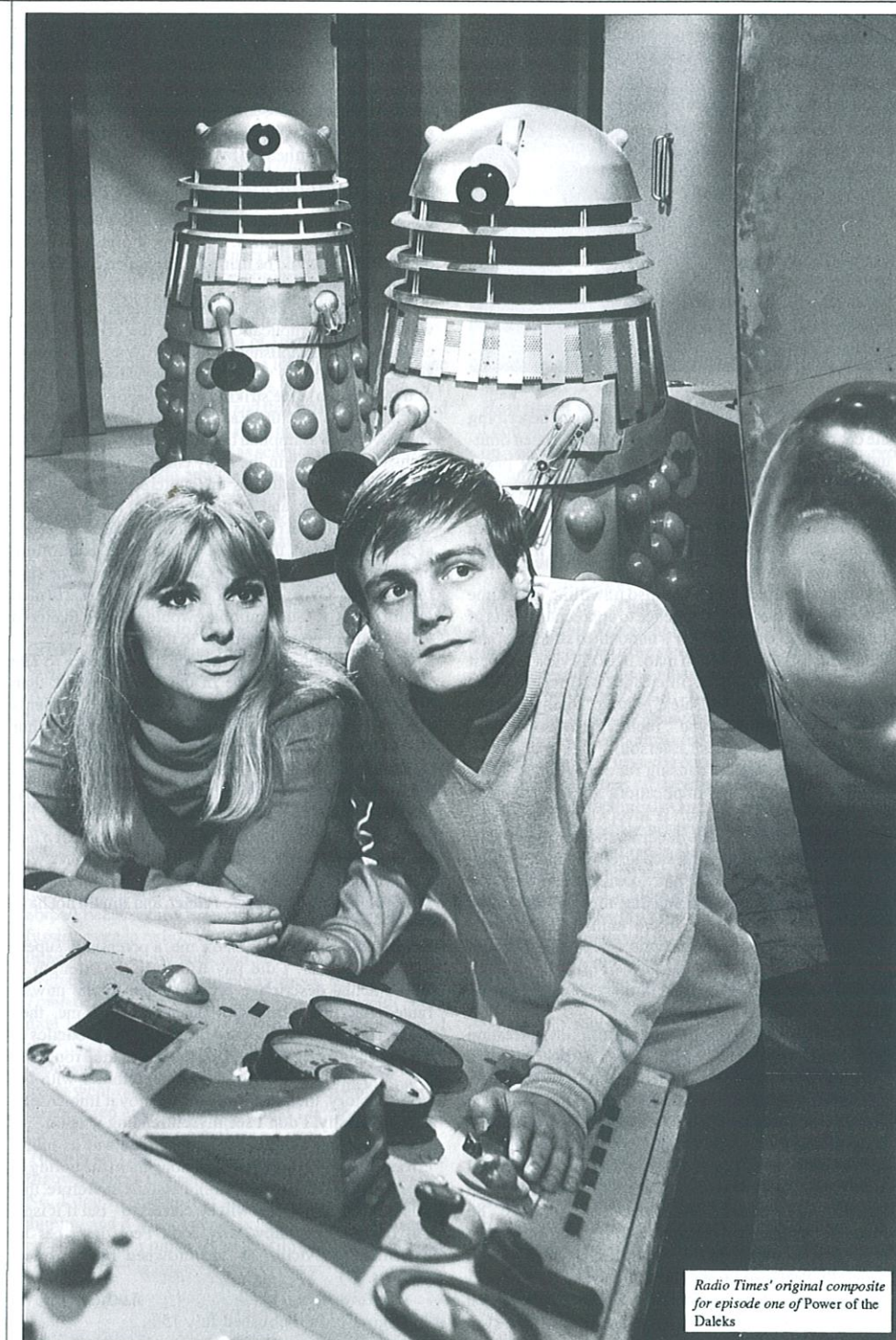
Although the story is now some 25 years old it has managed to avoid many of the pitfalls associated with material from that time. Whilst I would not want to claim that this was a deliberately built-in feature, I think it proves quite clearly that if you design something well it can transcend its age. No one is ever surprised that a lot of old Hollywood movies stand up well to the passage of the years, but the more ephemeral TV product is often declared to be inextricably shackled to its day. *The Invasion*, through a happy marriage of style and content, breaks those shackles, giving the production a very contemporary feel. After all, transnational corporations and electronics conglomerates are still the subject of debate. The monopolistic control of new technology (I.E.'s Micro Monolithic circuit, more familiar today as the Silicon Chip!), especially in the defence and communications fields, is as topical now as it has ever been.

So what have we got? Well, *The Invasion* should appeal to anyone who likes classic monster action. It should also appeal to those of you who like your DOCTOR WHO made to the highest technical standards. However, best of all is Tobias Vaughn, a thorough-going villain as good as anything you're likely to find anywhere. I cannot recommend this tape highly enough - I can't imagine anyone not liking it.

Oh yes! This story also features some Cybermen! (8 - and a half!)

Anthony Clark

Invasion photos © Sue Willis
DWB 114 • June 1993



Radio Times' original composite for episode one of *Power of the Daleks*

THE POWER OF THE DALEKS

DOCTOR WHO has always, of necessity, been something of a collaborative enterprise between its producers and the viewers. It could only work when the viewers were on the producers' side, and used their imagination to fill in the gaps in the effects, the sets, and the scripts that the series' formats imposed. With little room to develop characters, writers would have to rely on the viewers to flesh out the elements they could only hint at. Even in the novelisation, the action-based nature of the plots made it difficult for a writer to make his characters more than two dimensional - it was up to the reader to supply the third, by considering the ambiguities of the characters' actions and motives.

That is my problem with John Peel's novelisation of *The Power of the Daleks*. He explains too much. We told, explicitly, what drives the characters. He spends page after page taking us inside the heads of the characters in a way that leaves little doubt as to their motives, and leaves no space upon which the imagination can build.

That wouldn't be the case if he were the original author, as even so he can't provide a complete, three

dimensional portrait of the characters. If he were the original author, this would merely provide a wider foundation on which the imagination could build, by hinting at even more of the background to the characters which was in the back of his mind when he wrote the story. But John Peel doesn't know these details - he can't add anything new. He can only explain the points at which David Whitaker hinted, depicting his interpretation of Whitaker's characters, imposing his interpretation upon the printed page in a way which leaves no further room for the reader's imagination to work. And so characters who'd previously sprung to life in my mind while listening to the surviving audios, here have no depth beyond that explicitly stated in Peel's narrative. They remain two dimensional.

As always, John Peel's descriptive writing is superb. Passages such as the 'Dalek production line' have a power here that few other Who novelisers could match (though I'm not keen on his description of a weapon "frying" a man's head). But it's unfortunate that, when the script itself hasn't offered the opportunity for such descriptive passages after a few pages or so, Peel can't





resist indulging himself by spending a page describing the characters' thoughts. Had such passages been omitted, the book might have been a good thirty pages shorter, but it would have been a much less 'passive' experience. By exercising such a total control over the narrative, John Peel denies the reader any 'active' role in the creation of atmosphere and mystery, and makes his task all the more difficult.

Unfortunately, John Peel is also unwilling to assume that his reader has the intelligence to appreciate points of subtle writing - one of *Power's* undoubted strengths, and the aspect to the story which made it, in my view, the best of the Troughton serials. In episode six, for instance, Lesterson approaches a Dalek, grating "I-am-you-servant." "We do not need you", replies the Dalek. "But I gave you life", wheedles Lesterson. "Yes, you gave us life," agrees the Dalek, pausing for a moment to allow him to appreciate the implications of the comment before gunning him down. A lovely line, hinting at a sardonic and sadistic sense of humour within the Daleks, just earlier scenes had suggested an almost uncontrollable arrogance ("Daleks are bet... Daleks are different to humans.") which, by humanising them in the worst ways, made them all the more chilling. But, Peel explains this marvellous line with sledge-hammer subtlety, changing it to "Yes, you gave us life - we give you death", reducing the Daleks into moustache-twirling pantomime villains in the process.

He also seems determined to impose his interpretation of Doctor Who on as many stories as possible, and therefore adds in continuity references all over the place, and an extended prologue describing the end of *The Tenth Planet*. There are things I like about this - I've always believed that technology is transferred between cultures, and is rarely developed independently, so I appreciated his suggestion that mankind reached the stars with technology salvaged from Cyber-ships after the '86 invasion, which also provides an effective subtext to Lesterson's attempts to exploit the Dalek capsule - but generally Peel's additions here, and elsewhere, are self-contradictory, their implications beyond the page on which they appear left unconsidered. Sometimes even

on that self same page - John Peel indicates that the Cyberman attack was world-wide, but seems to believe that the South Pole saucer was the only one to survive (why should it be?); and while it's very likely that the staff of Snowcap base would mount only a cursory search for the three strangers after they disappeared, an investigatory team headed by Lt Benton, Alison Williams and "UNIT historian" Sarah Jane Smith would have given great priority to checking for the Doctor... And the technology salvaged from the Cybermen would surely include computers... making it highly unlikely that Lesterson would be using a Cray super-computer to analyse his work.

More generally, Peel's innovations tend to highlight ways in which implications within the original script conflict with established points of Who continuity, simply because they weren't yet established at the time of transmission! One striking example comes when the Doctor recalls that the Earth has yet to encounter the Daleks. This was implied but unstated on screen, but the inclusion of UNIT in the early chapters only serves to remind us that Earth has encountered them - in *Remembrance*, *Day*, and *Resurrection*, to name only the cases on the official record. Similarly, Lesterson's scorn at the suggestion that there might be a controlling intelligence within the Daleks seems ludicrous when the influence of Cyber-technology on Earth is reaffirmed within pages... Such quibbles wouldn't have mattered - had Peel not drawn attention to them.

Other irritating changes include the reference to *The Tenth Planet* taking place in the 1990s, (rather than 1986, as on screen, or 2000, as in the book), and Ben's claim that the Doctor wants him to be "a regular Arthur Negus". Not a likely comment from a man of the sixties. At least, not unless the Doctor has a stock of ANTIQUES ROADSHOW tapes lying around the TARDIS. And finally, the Doctor states that he left his home-planet over 750 years ago. Whether this is an addition of Peel's, or a line cut from Whitaker's initial script, it's in conflict with transmitted comments right through from *The Tomb of the Cybermen* to *The Pirate Planet*, and should not have been included.

All in all then, *Power* is, for me, a potentially superb book (remember, I did pay tribute to the strength of Peel's actual descriptive prose) ruined by the unwarranted liberties taken with the script. For me, they removed the ambiguities and destroyed the subtleties of a script I had thought among the best of the Troughton era. If you're less of a purist, or unfamiliar with the original story, then I'm sure you'll enjoy it immensely. But personally, I don't see myself reading it again.

One last note - the galley proof I read was as full of errors as its DWB equivalent (among them the billing of the novel as a NEW ADVENTURE). I assume, therefore, that this is one of them, and will be corrected - but if it isn't, I'm intrigued to know why John Peel describes an extermination victim as 'the drowned man'. Fried, perhaps. (7)

Anthony Brown

Virgin Books; Published July 15th.

POWER OF THE DALEKS - The Scripts

I HAVE to admit it - I've never seen the point of the Titan script books - or (tran)script books as they might more accurately be described. *Masters of Luxor* aside, of course. But where the rest of them are concerned, I can't see the attraction of forking out five pounds for a transcript of the transmitted version of a story I could buy on video for only twice that price.

OK, so they would occasionally issue stories which weren't available on video and which were so heavily rewritten for the novelisation that an accurate transcript of the story could be useful, but even here their value was questionable. After all, such stories were generally those missing from the archives, so the 'stage directions', based on twenty five year old memories, could hardly be called reliable, and were probably no more representative of the on-screen action than the real directions in the scripts, leaving the dialogue transcripts as the only elements of real worth. And now, of course, you can hear the dialogue of missing stories directly, courtesy of the BBC's *Audio Collection*....

Yes, Titan have got caught again, issuing their *Power of the Daleks* (tran)script book a few months before the

TOMB OF THE CYBERMEN - The Audio

IN VIEW of the return of *Tomb* and its video release last year, this might seem the most pointless release of the year. While that point's actually debatable, considering the high sales of THUNDERBIRDS, MORSE and DARLING BUDS audios, this is undoubtedly the most pointless review of the year. Few fans can remain ignorant of *Tomb's* strengths (and weaknesses), while DWB 104's comments on the linking narrations of the other MISSING STORIES tapes hold true for this one.

Of course, the audio saves one from the sight of the Cyberdummy, which is an advantage, but the dodgy grans mixing noticeable on the video is as annoying on audio. The sound quality is superior to that on *Evil* and *Macra*, though slightly inferior to that of the video, and, interestingly, the recap to episode two is rather longer here than on the actual episode - these tapes, as the change in the Controller's voice between episodes two and three (and hence between the recap and the main episode) indicates, having presumably been taken from a compilation made at the time and then re-edited into episodes for this release.

Pertwee's narration is inferior to Tom Baker's, but a match for Colin Baker's, while the script suffers from some avoidable and irritating errors - most notably the suggestion that Victoria went in search of Captain Hopper at the end of part two because "the Cybermat was plainly still alive." No it wasn't - at least, the only time it put in another appearance it was dead as a doornail. More understandably, the narration frequently seems hilarious if the tape is played in sync with the video, as Pertwee calls levers buttons, demonstrates an apparent inability to count, and generally contradicts the on-screen action... Hearing sequences such as the escape from the Cybermen in episode three, it is difficult not to wonder how much better this tape might have been had the BBC chosen to base their narration around Gerry Davis' description of the equivalent passages in his beautifully atmospheric novel. The same goes for the closing of the Tombs - the narration is adequate, but where's the sheer emotion of "his metal arms spread-eagled as he slid slowly down to the ground, still for ever, in front of the doors he had closed with his life." On the other hand, the description of the Cybermat attack on Callum does send a shiver up the spine (perhaps JNT has a creepy crawly phobia...), as does the "slow death" of the Cyberman Toberman kills. In places however it seems deliberately unimaginative. The Cybercontroller orders his men to reenter the cells. "As the Cybermen re-entered their cells..." says Pertwee. Would it have taken so much more effort to have made that "tombs", and given the narrative a little variety? There are also some poorly timed comments, and some comic misphrasings - "Kaftan operated the hatch control and it opened." Unfortunately, we're not told what was inside the hatch control!

Ultimately, the verdict on these tapes must be the predictable one - unless you spend a lot of time listening to your car stereo in traffic jams, or love the sound of Jon Pertwee's voice, save up the extra six pounds and buy yourself the *Tomb* video. But, that said, without the video to restrict it, they caused my imagination to take flight, bringing back to mind my *Tomb*, the superbly directed, flawlessly acted version, superior even to the actual production, that Gerry Davis' great novel built in my mind's eye one sunny day fifteen years ago. So they do have their uses... (5)

Anthony Brown

MICHAEL KILGARRIF

Although he appeared in little more than a dozen episodes, monster man Michael Kilgariff's DOCTOR WHO career has spanned no less than four Doctors, beginning and (to date) ending with the Cybercontroller in *Tomb of the Cybermen* and *Attack of the Cybermen* respectively. Robin Kyne caught up with him in panto recently to hear some of his forthright memories of working on the thirty year old series...

Michael Kilgariff is a big man. Of course he is, that's how he gets all those monster parts. Bound to be a bit overwhelming and overbearing, I thought. When it comes down to it, the way to cope with such people is to catch them off guard, like, say, half an hour before they're due to go on stage in a pantomime, dressed as a rat and wearing sparkling green eyeshadow. Now that at least makes it a fair match - well, fairer... Michael Kilgariff sat back and lit up a big cigar. Suspend disbelief, I thought, whilst he told me horror stories of Tarby throwing up in the wings before he went on stage. This is more like it, something I can appreciate, Tarby in flu shocker! Poor man. I mean, he doesn't deserve a thing like that now, does he?

In the introduction to The Tomb of the Cybermen, Morris Barry says that you had never seen Doctor Who before and had no knowledge of what a Cyberman was...

That's not true. I had seen Doctor Who, which had been running some time when Morris approached me. I'd never seen Cybermen, perhaps. What Morris didn't know was that when the BBC approached my agent they tried to cut the fee down, because I wasn't an established actor. It's only if you're a big star that your fee ever goes up, but that's it. They always try and knock you down and make some kind of excuse. It won't be creating a precedent, they say, but it will be what they call a special low or a special high. The reason they tried to give me a special low on *Tomb* was that they said that I didn't have to learn any lines because the technology was such then that we didn't have radio mics inside the mask. Peter Hawkins did the voices but I said to my agent "But I still have to learn them". What the Booking Department hadn't been told about was the pillar box mouth. It was a very sinister thing I thought and it had a spring hinge, so when you would speak you opened it and kept it open. The line came out and then you shut it. It was an eerie effect. Of course I had to learn the lines because I had to know when to open and close it, so they relented on that and I got full fee!

And this was your only worry about doing the part? Oh yes. It was very sweet of old Morris to say all that stuff but it really wasn't true. I was pleased to do it. I'd just finished a two year job at The BBC Radio Drama Rep, as it was then called, and it came along at a very

good time. I don't remember all that stuff about me saying "Oh, my face will be obscured, I won't have any lines." - I'd been an actor for eight or nine years then and wasn't in the kind of league where I could say that.

What was your perception of Doctor Who?

It was just another job. I knew a lot of people would see it and my name would be up there, but I'd been doing TV since '58 when it was live - and that was very scary - and then they brought in AMPEXing [the earliest video recorder] which was almost as scary because it was very, very difficult to edit and you were always told that you had to do it all in one take because it cost hundreds of pounds to stop. If there was a cock-up, you carried on as best you could - only in absolute extremes would they do it again. What they used to say was, invariably, "Oh, it didn't notice" and you knew it bloody did, so the stars used to deliberately say "fuck" so that it had to be edited out, but you'd have to be a very big name to do it or you wouldn't be used again, word would go round.

What profile did Doctor Who have?

Well, it was just children's TV. That was another thing, they always tried to tap your money down for that too. But *Tomb* was very bleak and brutal...

Yes, no... I'll tell you a funny thing about it. When I was killed it was very much more violent and gory than subsequently appeared. It was shown here and there were a lot of complaints about it. I actually saw it again, and got paid again, when it came up on POINTS OF VIEW when Robert Robinson used to do it and they had these letters from parents so it was cut down when it went abroad because the Commonwealth countries were a lot fussier, even in radio. You could say things here, simple things like "Oh my god" and you'd very likely lose an overseas repeat fee. I'm pretty much certain that the *Tomb* that was discovered is the Commonwealth cut, it didn't have all the death scene in it, by any means. I remember lying on the floor in that gear and these tubes being stuck up me for all the smoke and suddenly all the lights went out because it was a tea-break and they all disappeared and left me there, and I lay there shouting for someone to rescue me!

You weren't approached to do the stunt where you're thrown across the set by Toberman?

No, I don't remember it actually - that was a terrible dummy and it wasn't very successful. Quite honestly I can't remember much about the filming, except coming

out of the tombs which was filmed at Ealing, whilst the rest was at TV Centre.

What about the costume?

The later costume was much easier, I could lift it on and off and take the gloves off. I couldn't get the *Tomb* head or gloves off at all, which was a bloody awful bind if I wanted a cup of tea or something. And it was hot, the lights were a lot stronger than they are now. It still amazes me now how little lighting there is [now], even for colour, because when I first started the cameras needed an awful amount of light. Something else that was lost was the Cyberbrain, it doesn't show very well on the video. It was transparent and there was a light inside it and it pulsed. The battery, of course, was always going out in the middle of takes. You had to stop and unscrew the whole thing and all that sort of palaver. It was very uncomfortable and I don't remember having any fittings or anything for it.

How much were you paid for all this pleasure?

I don't remember. Oh gawd, I've no idea. You get paid on categories. It depends on the length of the programme, that would have been a CAT A, I suppose. What was I getting on radio at that time? About £23, £24 a week, which was perfectly adequate then. I suppose about £40-50 a week, but I'm only guessing.

How had things changed by the time you worked on *Frontier in Space*?

Oh, the Ogron. That was Pertwee. I didn't care for Pertwee at all, I thought he was an embarrassment. He made such a fuss in the studio, he was so temperamental and noisy, nit-picking, whereas Troughton was delightful, my favourite Doctor. I didn't like Pertwee in it, I thought he was too mannered and self-conscious, particularly, and his companion [Katy Manning] sort of looked after him, fussed around him, you know, because he needed attention all the time. The story was particularly difficult technically and he was not helping at all. I was embarrassed for my profession as an actor. There were all these stagehands, electricians and people around and I thought "What must they be thinking?" I remember I tried to put a little joke in, I thought it was quite funny, but he wouldn't have it - if he hadn't objected to it, it might have stayed in. I was behind bars and they put this food through on a plate and (I did it as a gag in rehearsals) I turned the plate sideways to get it through the bars and then went "Uh?" looking at the empty plate. I thought it was a reasonable joke, but he didn't like it. The other Ogron, Stephen Thorne, is an old pal and we had some laughs. All the extras were heavies, and a lot of them were ex-jailbirds. It was rather an uncomfortable time with all these menacing gentlemen talking about their time in the Scrubs!

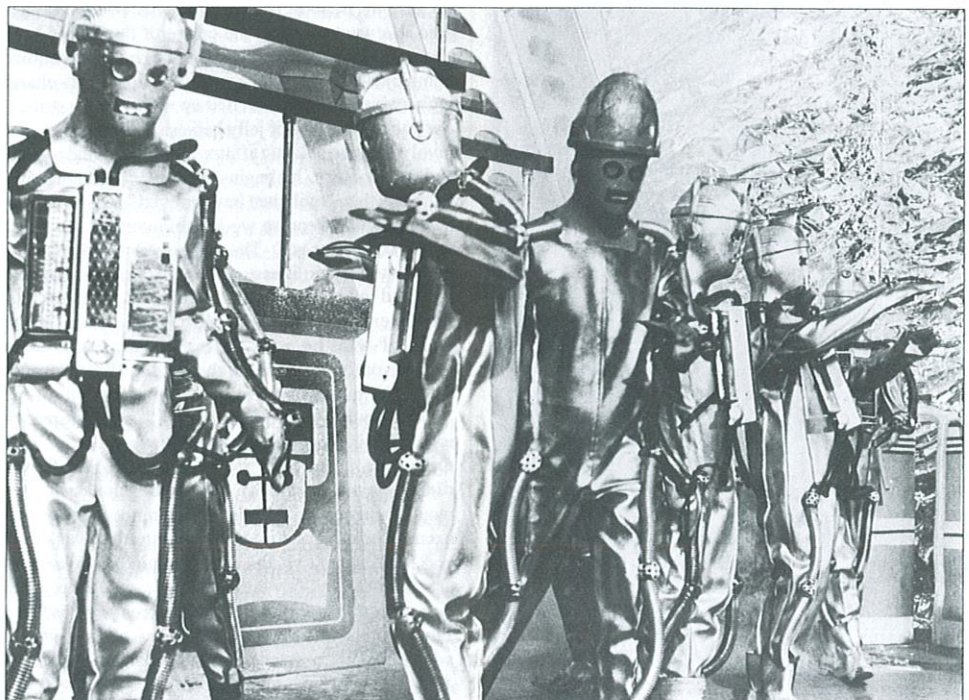
What about Roger Delgado?

Yes, I knew Roger quite well, I did a lot of radio work with him and also a rather peculiar thing at the Albert Hall for a Prom concert. He was the sweetest man. It was funny that he should have made such a name for himself as the most evil man in the universe - you couldn't find a nicer chap.

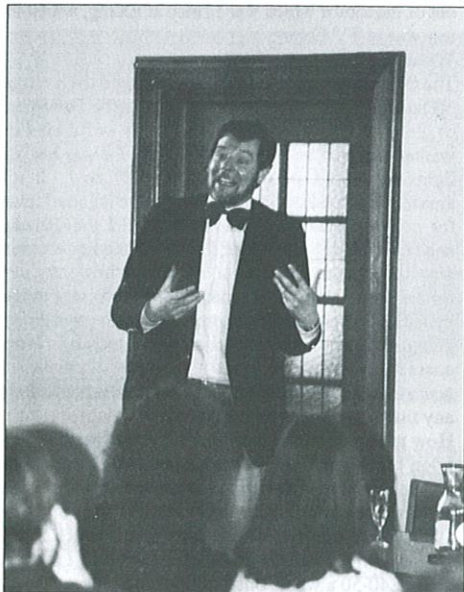
And so to *Robot*...

We did ten days or so out at this place in Evesham. It should have been shorter, but we ran into a strike of prop men. There was another strike when we got to the studio work, it was all cancelled. I made a lot of money out of it because I did four episodes and ended up being paid for ten! The Robot was a terrible prop, the worse thing I've ever been in and I've been in a lot of things. It was so enormous and so uncomfortable, I kept falling over because I couldn't see my feet. I was cut to pieces. Dreadful. We did a night-shoot and I had to crash through this panel in a door with this claw and they put in a panel of balsa wood so it would break and of course it bloody didn't and I went bang and it just bent the claw. And I was frozen, I've never been so cold in my life, damn thing. Again it took me so long to get out of it, I had dressers who lifted me in and out, and they get very panicky when you're reluctant to get in because they must have you ready for filming and you know that you'll be still stuck in the thing 45 minutes after you're meant to film, standing there freezing. It really got to me in a way that nothing else ever has. We had ten days of it and I remember driving back with Liz Sladen, who lives near me in Ealing. I drove her home, got home myself, got into bed that night and was having nightmares about being trapped in a midget submarine, which

The Tomb of the Cybermen (BBC Video)



DWB 114 • June 1993



was understandable! What I could never understand is what happened to me the next morning. I got out of bed and my legs collapsed, they didn't hold me. My wife was very worried and phoned the BBC. It gradually wore off during the day, but it wasn't until the evening that I could properly stand and walk and I still had the studio work to do. So I told them that they had to help me because it was really getting to me, because again in the studio you stand around forever waiting for them to line up the shot. So, they made a light mock-up for me that I could wear on my head and shoulders to get the right width and height, so I wouldn't be exhausted by the time it came round to actually filming.

Was your voice live?

Yes, it was a live mic.

So you were actually trying to act and speak at the same time?

I was glad to see the back of that one.

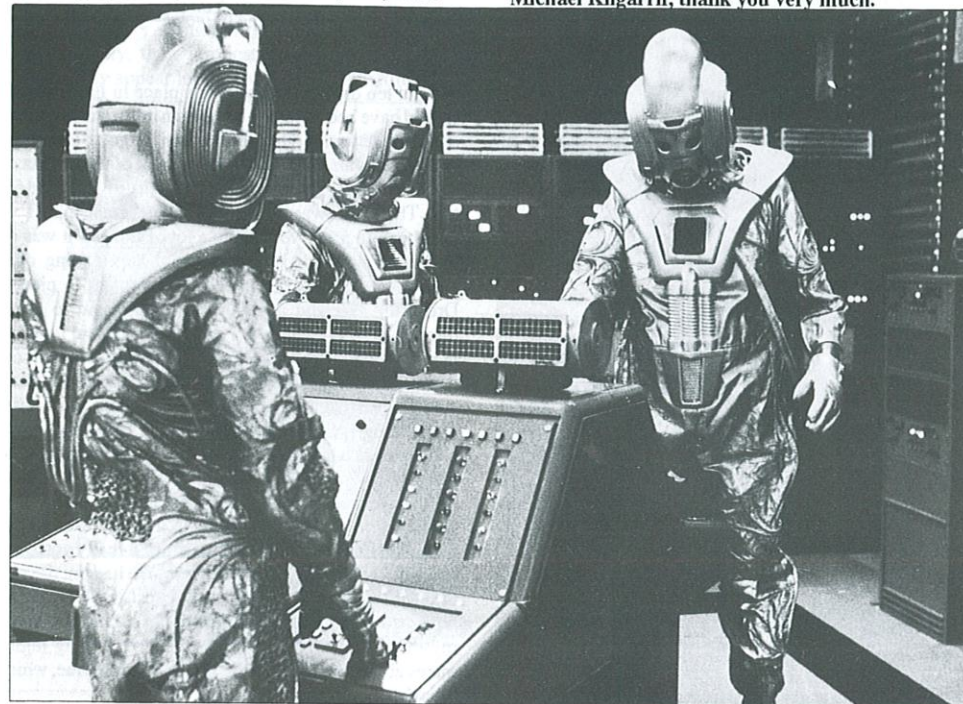
What was your perception of Tom Baker?

Well, I liked him very much, we got on very well. He's a very charming man and he had his own problems, really, because it was a hell of a thing to take over, so many expectations and discussions to get the right man. That's why Ian Marter was drafted in, to give the series a bit of dynamism in case the new Doctor was older.

I didn't know that. He was a lot of laughs, so was Tom, he gave it a lot of energy and humour, but I thought that he was perhaps consistently too humorous, too comic.

Top: Michael Kilgarriff at Imperial College's 1986 Whoday (Photo - Jean Riddler)

Below: Kilgarriff as the Cybercontroller in Attack of the Cybermen



That's what I liked about Troughton, he didn't try so desperately to be loved, he wasn't as dour as old Hartnell, who was like a Sgt Major. Patrick did a play that I wrote for radio and I worked with his son, when he first started out. Pat had charm and also something slightly sinister about him. Tom did very well in a different kind of way. Did you ever turn down a job because of your Robot experience?

No, but one learns lessons. I've done things since that have involved me clambering into costumes and I've tried talking to designers to make sure there aren't any sharp edges inside. I had no input with the Robot. Nobody talked to me about it, I was just told to get on with it. That's what you're paid to do, you don't want to make a fuss. Discomfort comes with the territory. Did you jump at the chance to do *Attack of the Cybermen*?

Oh, I was happy to do it, yes. They had actually asked me to do it before, but I had another engagement somewhere. It was the twentieth anniversary thing with the Cyberpatrol, so they used David Banks instead.

What do you think of his interest in the Cybermen? Oh, that book of his! When he was writing it some time later he phoned me up to talk about it and when I read it, I thought "Crikey! He's a bit round the twist." It was all a bit... he got a bit mystical about the whole thing. Yes, I'm sorry he had to mention that I'd put on so much weight, but still, there it is.

What was J N-T like? He's come in for a lot of flack from fandom.

I know, he's an awkward cuss, isn't he? But I've no trouble with him on that. One thing I do remember about him that I was surprised about was his attitude to violence. There was one scene in *Attack* with Maurice Colbourne where I'd got him in my clutches, so to speak, trying to get some information out of him and he wouldn't speak, so I gave a sign to the Cybermen to grab his hand and squeeze. A lot of blood came out and the camera focussed on that - John was very keen on that but I didn't agree with it at all.

That's interesting considering the show's alleged decline to pantomime...

He was very insistent that it be real. I actually saw William Hartnell once playing Doctor Who in a panto in the sixties. It was terrible, he'd lost it, didn't know his lines and seemed completely bemused. They'd just planted him and the TARDIS in a panto. The theme played and he came out of the police box and it was downhill from then on.

Any thoughts on the dispute between Equity and UK Gold?

Well, I get repeat fees all the time from Doctor Who. The odd £5 or £10 from all corners of the world. I do find it quite disturbing that they went ahead and bought the shows and broadcast them without coming to any agreement. I think that's very worrying.

Michael Kilgarriff, thank you very much.

"Regenerate, yet unregenerate..."

Those darkly anxious words, spoken by the sixth Doctor, perhaps articulate many of the doubts we must inevitably harbour about such a highly 'moral' crusader against injustice. Is the moralising Baker in *Genesis* the same man that propels a possessed Tesh into a deadly electrified wall in *The Face of Evil*, with only a "Why didn't you listen?" to mark his passing? Or the morally berating McCoy of *Delta* and the *Bannermen* the same who destroys all sentient life on Skaro in *Remembrance*? Outwardly so innocent, is the whimsical second Doctor, sitting quietly in a cafe with Jamie at the start of *Evil*, really capable of subjecting his friend to callous experiments later in the story, warning Waterfield "It's too late to have a conscience now..."? Even Pertwee, portraying perhaps the most moral Doctor of the all, can casually kill an Ogron in cold blood.

Even though we may argue that the Doctor often kills only in self-defence, it is still clear that at times he adopts tactics worthy of those he despises so deeply and fights so passionately. The sixth Doctor's violent propensity to throttle in *The Twin Dilemma* is dragging back to the surface the murderous traits displayed by the Doctor in his earliest televised stories, when he seems prepared to crush the skull of an injured caveman to expedite his return to the ship, or to cast out Ian and Barbara to certain death on a mere suspicion, in *The Brink of Disaster*. He is often irascible, difficult and childish - yet with a staggering intellect. His boredom with the studious life on Gallifrey, his need for new adventures to divert his ever-cogitating mind propels him on his journeys, tampering in the process with the lives and affairs of millions. To what extent, then, is the Doctor simply toying with the events he brings a bearing on, playing a game to his own rules?

Certainly, in *Nightmare of Eden* the Doctor comments, "I don't work for anybody, I'm just having fun". The legacy of this 'fun' can be seen on planets scattered throughout the universe: His bungling repair of Xoanon led to generations of war and terror among the descendants of the space travellers who welcomed him. Having overthrown the harsh regime of Varos, the Doctor leaves the planet to whatever fate its people, now devoid of the dominant mainstay of their lives, can attempt to fashion. Will the Gonds be able to survive after the destruction of the Krotons and their teaching machines? Will the inhabitants of *Paradise Towers* be any better off? Or those of the *Colony in Space*? More damningly, what had the planet Xeriphax done to deserve a stranded, dangerous Master, transported there by the Doctor to get him out of the way? Who knows what chaos he caused before stealing Kamelion and making his escape.

Of course, the Doctor always purports to fight on the side of 'good'. Perhaps this is due to the massive compensation complex that Romana diagnoses in him - the Doctor does not even bother to affirm or deny this. The Doctor participates in often violent adventures because he is, loosely speaking, what we define as a hero. He wants to be at the centre of things and holds traditional values very dear; the basic freedoms, gumblejack, sunsets and a well-prepared meal - charmingly naive ideals, and all tied up with a yo-yo string or pre-packed in a bag of jelly babies. The reasons for his involvement in galactic affairs vary from mood to mood and story to story. He begins his wanderings reluctant to interfere, then "evil must be destroyed!" and eventually he declares "Of course we should interfere, always do what you're best at!" The instant value judgements by which the Doctor lives and through which he becomes involved in his adventures are all a part of his essential (and alien - remember?) charm and eccentricity. Yet much of what he wins for his chosen side is at the expense of those lost along the way. In *Warriors of the Deep*, the numerous deaths are mourned with a sad, "There should've been another way." Yet the same way is trodden in *Resurrection of the Daleks*, *Attack of the Cybermen*... and even in some stories Eric Saward didn't write! Arguably, of course, the destruction would be worse without his interference, but does this excuse such flagrant intervention into the lives of others? In *Planet of Evil*, the Doctor reminds Sorenson that as scientists they "buy the right to experiment only at the cost of total responsibility." Fine words perhaps, but as Jamie bursts out in *Evil of the Daleks*: "Och, words - what do I care for words. You don't give that much for

Right: The Doctor (Colin Baker) and Jondar (Jason Connery) face some down to earth violence (Vengeance on Varos - BBC Video)

BLOOD ON HIS HANDS

With Vengeance on Varos now available on video, Stephen Cole takes a wide ranging look at the Doctor's violent side...

a living soul except yourself." The Doctor's reply - "I care about life...I care about human beings" - is brought sharply into question when we observe his eagerness to see just how far Klieg is prepared to go in his exhumation of the *Tombs of the Cybermen*, and we remember his reluctance to accept that "total responsibility" when he is obliged to sacrifice his lives for Tegan and Nyssa in *Mawdryn Undead*. And does the Doctor, having 'experimented' with the affairs of Frontios or Zanak, concern himself with their ultimate fates? No, while he may give a them a tip on trade or some glib suggestion (the weed plant on Necros, for example) on which to base their future development, he leaves behind a vacuum, and takes no interest in what may fill it. He desires no part of the cleaning-up process, the consequences of his actions don't interest him - he feels he has laid his part, and moves on.

How large this part has to be would depend largely on his moods. When asked why he cannot amputate the arm of the Krynoid-infected Winlet he mutters darkly "You must help yourselves", suggesting he is merely there to point humanity in the right direction. However, as Barbara finds out to her cost in *The Aztecs* a helpful shove in 'the right direction' can prove disastrous - her attempts to curb Aztec cruelty and thus change history cannot and must not succeed. The Doctor hints that he has tried similar actions and has also met with failure; his passion when he warns Barbara "I know - believe me, I know!", would suggest the Doctor has had his fingers nastily burnt in the past.

Or is it the future? We come to the problem at the heart of the Doctor's crusades through time and space: what is established historical fact, and what isn't? To what extent can the time-stream accommodate the Doctor's interference (ie, the Terileptils start the Great Fire of London, the freighter becomes responsible for destroying the dinosaurs - "Seems inevitable, as is your history as we know it", notes the Doctor and so on)? In *City of Death*, the Doctor forbids Scaroth to save his ship because he has "thrown the dice once - you don't get another throw!" This would imply that Universal events are largely predetermined; the Doctor does not so much interfere in the affairs of others, as to simply act out the motions so that things occur as they inevitably must.

Take *Genesis of the Daleks* for example. The Doctor is sent to actually avert the creation of his greatest enemy, but does not succeed - and indeed, although he claims to have set them back by several thousand years there is little evidence to suggest that the time lines have been affected to any great degree, as the Daleks are as virulent as ever. This seems a little odd - we know that the Time Lords are perfectly capable of dramatic intervention when it suits them: the time loop around the fifth planet, the Ravalox debacle and so on. But the Daleks too can time travel - does the Space Time continuum adapt to their interfering exploits as well? And is this one of the real reasons the Doctor knows he cannot wipe them out by touching the wires together? The Time Lords would have a desirable near-total monopoly on time travel if the Daleks were removed from existence (as was the War Lord), and so have chosen to ignore those things which would be better with the machine creatures existing to threaten their mastery over time - a threat clearly shown by the Daleks' plans in *Resurrection* - and we saw how quickly Gallifrey acted to stop the Cybermen's time experiments in *Attack*.

But could owning a time craft be the key to influencing events on a greater level, whether one wishes to or not? A higher plane against which the individual morality even of the craft's owner need count for nothing. It is explicitly stated that the TARDIS has a low intensity telepathic field, but it is certainly strong enough to affect the human mind - subliminal messages and suggestions are being constantly given out (how else could the TARDIS crew overcome the language barrier in their multivarious locales?) It is therefore highly plausible that characters, and even the Doctor himself, act in accordance with the manipulative plans of whatever

intelligence motivates the TARDIS - When Stein detonates the prison ship for example, the Doctor comments "he must have finally decided which side he was on". Unless, of course, someone decided for him...so, could the occasional callous side manifest in the Doctor a vent to latent aggression (a possibility raised by the sixth Doctor's comment that politeness had been making him neurotic) or else a minor, unnecessary consequence in the drive to preserve the 'web of time'.

The only controlling forces we have seen concerned with governing the patterns of time and maintaining the balance necessary for the universe to go on existing are the Black and White Guardians. The extent of their power is unknown, but it is obvious that the Doctor is of great importance in their operations. The Time Lords too, of course, have often guided the Doctor so that he fulfills some necessary duty to ensure that events move according to their secret, mysterious plans. In this case, the Doctor's personal morals are removed from the large equation of right and wrong, and he functions instead as a cog (albeit a vital one) in the vast machinery of the universe - why else should the Time Lords bother to warn him of the Master's trap in *Terror*? His real role in time and space, so tantalisingly hinted at by Lady Peinforte, remains shrouded in the mists of the Old Time on Gallifrey.

One aspect of that role is certain however: Executioner. The Doctor has a great deal of blood on his hands - it is a supreme act of callousness that sends the entire Ice Warrior fleet into a fatal orbit around the sun in *The Seeds of Death*. His assertion that the punishment fits the crime - "You were going to destroy an entire world" - hardly corresponds to the "infinite compassion" for which he praises the Guardian of the Doomsday Weapon. The Doctor maims Forrester in *Planet of Giants*, asphyxiates Shockeye, wipes out the Vervoids without hesitation and blows up Skaro with business-like efficiency. He may have saved a race, or a world, but only at supreme cost to another home-planet or caste. In spite of this, he still lectures Leela on taking life - the hypocrisy of a statement such as "Who gave you a license to go around slaughtering people?" would be appalling were it not apparently so sincerely meant, and indicative of his overall moral stance: for the greater good to triumph, compassion must sometimes be held in check - it tempers the Doctor's actions but does not dictate them. The balance between good and evil, between White and Black, must be maintained.

But is there any actual need for those occasions when personal, hand-to-hand violence occurs, not always in self-defence? The Doctor's propensity for fisticuffs is apparent as far back as *The Romans*, but *Varos* is an obvious choice for analysis given its topical - and, of course, violent, for which it is often singled out - nature. It is true that the Doctor rigs the laser to discharge in the face of the pursuing guards, but in the heat of the

moment, with little time for debate, this is hardly pre-meditated slaughter (just like the electrified Tesh routine.) And as for the infamous acid bath scene, is that "you'll forgive me if I don't join you" a merry quip, or a forced effort to bury his own revulsion? Davison is hardly sincere in his apology to the guard whose face he kicks in on Sea base Four, but this does not tar him as a thug. His successor did not pour the acid into that bath, which was, after all, meant for him, and an air of theatricality has run through all the Doctors, Colin's most of all. It is clear that this Doctor felt a lot of affection for Peri by the end, despite their apparently aggressive and uncaring banter, and had the greatest of respect for HG Wells, if we are to believe his other selves, whatever his treatment of him might imply. A Doctor who finds difficulty in expressing his true emotions and thus hides behind exaggerated bluster to hide the fears so clearly displayed in *Twin Dilemma* does not deserve the epithet 'Doctor Who-ligan'. *Varos* was an adventure meant to question violence, and the Doctor is clearly dismayed by Quillam's end and questions his actions, just as he is converted to vegetarianism by his experience of carnivorous violence in Spain. If that doesn't convince, there's always the spectre of regenerative instability to consider...

Sometimes then the Doctor appears more of a terrorist/freedom-fighter than an idealised pacifist hero, but he has to adapt to the situations he faces. Often he is weary at the conflict; in *The Pirate Planet* he wonders "Why can't people be nice to each other, just for a change", and at the bloody conclusion to *Resurrection* he angrily asks Tegan, "You think I wanted it this way?" However, he will always fight on, against the highest odds, until the equilibrium is restored. He instills this belief, that some things *have* to be fought for, have to be defended, in races which have surrendered almost everything; Gonds, Dulcians and Thals, all are taught to fight back.

This dual thrust to the Doctor's actions, his personal beliefs in righteousness and the greater invisible guiding force that channels his energies to a necessary conclusion, render him a truly dark and abstract figure, shrouding his own importance as an instrument of the Galactic Fates in eccentricity, clowning and mystery. But the paths around this man, who has watched empires rise and fall and people live and die through the channels time has wrought for them, with little he can do but to guide the overall train of events and to learn what he can, is great. "Funny business, time..." he mutters to Mel in *Dragonfire* - the words sum up his tragic inability to exist as a 'normal' creature. His personal 'moral code' thus functions on an entirely different plane; in *Pyramids of Mars* he shows no concern for Scarman's death because he realises the scale of destruction there would be should Sutekh succeed. In that story, as in *Day of the Daleks*, he travels into a projected future which will come to pass should his interference, and no-one else's, never occur. This responsibility is far above mere mortal comprehension, and the Doctor is an alien; we must therefore understand and forgive his behaviour when it seems to waver from the moral course we might expect. Ultimately, the Doctor can never allow the faceless individual to matter when his power to bring events to their climax *must* win through.

Stephen Cole



THE FULL CIRCLE

PART FOUR : CLINGING TO THE WRECKAGE

In the final part of his overview of the Nathan Turner era, Tim Munro considers his actions during DOCTOR WHO's slow death...

IN OCTOBER 1984, John Nathan Turner, quizzed about rising fan criticism of his work, told DWB 15 "I have had a few letters lately saying they are delighted the anti-JNT campaign is coming to an end... one person who wrote in said that as a fan of DOCTOR WHO he thought he'd never had it so good... I've always had the general viewing public's interests at heart, and I include within that the fans. There is no attempt to pander to the fans. There is an attempt to win audiences and keep the show popular". It's hard not to detect an aggrieved, resentful undertone in those words, as if JNT were so accustomed to fandom's indiscriminating adulation that he'd become unable to acknowledge or accept even valid criticism, and in the wake of the '85 suspension this seemed to become his dominant character trait, until at times he seemed to wilfully turn a deaf ear to anyone who was no longer telling him what he wanted to hear. The full truth behind the suspension will probably never be known, but there does now seem ample evidence that Doctor Who was caught between the desires of then-head of series Jonathan Powell, who loathed the show and wanted rid of it, and BBC1 Controller Michael Grade, who although personally ambivalent towards the series was a shrewd enough business operator to recognise its potential worth, but was prevented from implementing the measures he believed necessary to restore its former quality and popularity. On this point, it's perhaps significant that after Grade moved to Channel Four, he claimed that his greatest frustration at the BBC had been the way Corporation bureaucracy meant his decisions had to be filtered down through department heads, preventing him from getting things done as he wished. It's worth noting too that Grade failed to axe DOCTOR WHO on three occasions when he had ample justification for doing so, after seasons twenty-two, twenty-three and twenty-four; that in 1985 he reportedly told Verity Lambert that he had no wish to cancel the show but had department heads who thought differently; that in 1986 - to fandom's astonishment - he attended the launch of the American touring DOCTOR WHO exhibition, where he's said to have expressed pessimism about the show's future because he could not understand why Powell had retained the same production team; and that as recently as 1991, he told a

journalist that all DOCTOR WHO needed to revive its fortunes was "more money and a young firebrand producer" - a prescription fandom had been urging for years.

Sadly, this was not the picture painted in 1985. The press portrayed Grade as a man determined to destroy DOCTOR WHO, and the fan press followed suit, building him into a demon-figure who became the target for fandom's unrestrained fury. JNT later said that fandom's behaviour at this time damaged the show by giving it a 'nuisance factor' in the eyes of BBC bosses - an accusation which seems breath-takingly hypocritical in light of Ian Levine's recent statement that much of the press coverage which stoked up fandom's hysteria - including the wholly baseless accusation that Grade was using DOCTOR WHO in the battle for an increased licence fee - was fed to Fleet Street by Nathan-Turner himself, via Levine! While Nathan-Turner may have believed he was saving the show by manipulating against his employers in this way, it seems unlikely, for he must have known that Powell, not Grade, was the enemy - certainly Levine and Seward realised this, and saw trouble brewing long before it came - and that in directing fandom's ire at Grade rather than Powell he knowingly risked alienating virtually the show's only Sixth Floor ally. Bearing this in mind, it seems more likely that JNT's primary concern was for himself - perhaps he knew that Grade wanted a new production team, but that only Powell had the power to enforce this, and thus by deflecting fandom's flak in the wrong direction he hoped to curry favour with Powell. Ironically, this may have backfired on him. Powell must have been aware of what JNT was up to, and this would explain the apparent indifference to his career with which JNT was treated in ensuing years. Fandom's initial response to the suspension was to close ranks in defence of the series, and for a few weeks fandom spoke with one united voice, but this was not to last. As the suspension gave fans an opportunity to re-examine season twenty-two, away from the hype of its launch, many decided that Grade had a point, and fandom began to split down the middle as these disillusioned fans discovered that such opinions apparently had no place in the fandom of DWAS and DWM, and moved over to the evermore outspoken

DWB - a process exacerbated by CT's editorial stance, for while DWB was at the forefront of fan investigative journalism, using sources inside the BBC to check the truth - DWB was the first to expose the cut in episode count, and first to reveal Seward's walk-out - CT merely urged it's readers to write letters and seemed content to accept BBC statements at face value, apparently oblivious to the possibility that the BBC might no longer be the voice of all truth where DOCTOR WHO was concerned. In particular they refused to even hint that season twenty-three might comprise only 14 episodes until challenged upon this, whereupon they dismissed the story as mere rumour, a stance they maintained until it was officially confirmed in February '86, five months after DWB reported it, and long after a misdirected telex confirming the episode count - intended for Lionheart but sent in error to American Fan Club president Ron Katz - had revealed it to be true. DWAS's defence was that the story had only been rumour until the BBC confirmed it, and Dominic May suggested that confirmation had been so long in coming because JNT had been fighting the decision, though there was no evidence for this, and it seemed more likely that the news had been suppressed so long to prevent another fan backlash. As early as DWASocial 5, on April 6th 1985, at a time when DWM was telling its readers that season twenty-three would run 26 episodes - an assumption which had no real foundation in any BBC statement, but which DWM reported as fact - Ian Levine attempted to warn fandom of what was afoot, unfortunately using a highly emotive manner which left him wide open to attacks such as Dominic May's description of him inciting fans in the manner of "a Hitler rally" (May later apologised for the tone of this description), while JNT - next on stage - ridiculed and denigrated his "rabble rousing", insisting that no decision on episode count had yet been made. CT headlined the story 'Who Do You Believe?' In fact, Levine had erred on the side of caution, predicting a season cut back only to 20 episodes...

That appearance pointed the way JNT was going, and for many was the turning point in their growing disillusionment with him - throughout the panel he seemed arrogantly defensive and wilfully deaf to criticism, unresponsive to the fans' justifiable concern for the show's future, unwilling to acknowledge any faults in season twenty-two or concede any of Grade's criticisms, and even complaining about his reception! Quizzed about Grade's promised "revamping" of the show, he said: "I think the revamping means to the 25-minute format" - an incredible conclusion since Grade's public statements made clear he envisaged something far more radical than a mere change of running time. Only the presence of the ebullient Colin Baker alongside JNT saved things from turning very nasty indeed. As British fandom grew more critical in the run-up to season twenty-three, JNT increasingly turned his back on them and sought adulation where he could always rely on it - in America; and this situation was not helped by the fact that, as Kathleen Toth said in DWB 36/37: "American conventions are like prep rallies dominated by a 'be true to your school' attitude... especially when we were told that the programme was under fire in the UK. There was a feeling that any lack of enthusiasm in the US could be directly harmful to the future of DOCTOR WHO." Meanwhile JNT continued to cash in on his WHO connections, accepting a contract to write *Tardis Inside Out* despite his later admission that he couldn't write! The finished product bore this out, but sold so well on JNT's name and its WHO links that he wrote a sequel, *The Companions*, which proved even worse.

By winter '85, JNT was back on the convention circuit, proclaiming season twenty-three to be "spectacular", and telling DWM 104 that the hiatus gave him and Seward more time than ever before to properly plan out the season. Behind the scenes, though, Seward encountered a reluctance to even discuss the show's return he found "disturbing", and whole months were wasted doing nothing, destroying the whole point of the 18 month break, which had been to allow a careful rethink of the series. It was a time when the show desperately needed an assertive producer employing the very best directors and writers and pushing the show to its limits, making changes as radical as those JNT instigated on his arrival. Instead, though, JNT seemed bereft of ideas, displaying what Seward called his "very BBC attitude" - when in doubt, keep your head down.

Thus, at a time when Grade called for DOCTOR WHO to have the production values of ROBIN OF SHERWOOD, JNT was hiring the likes of Nick Mallett and Ron Jones and - still pursuing his belief that featuring celebrities in the show put "bums on seats" - casting Bonnie Langford as the companion; though this was probably not his idea, but, like so many of his light entertainment excesses, prompted by the ever-present Gary Downie. In retrospect, one feels almost sorry for Ms Langford. By her own admission not a DOCTOR WHO viewer, she saw the show as the chance she'd long sought to establish herself as a serious dramatic actress, shattering her 'hyper-active child star' image, and on paper the role of Mel did seem to offer this. She was not to know that she'd end up playing a pantomime parody of her own image - Bonnie Langford In Space. Typically dismissive of criticism, JNT later said that the controversy surrounding her presence in the show was the sign of someone "making an impact", never questioning whether that impact was a positive one, despite BBC audience research which indicated that Langford actually put people off watching the show! For Ian Levine, Langford's casting was the last straw - he finally severed his links with the show, and Eric Seward was not long in following, walking off in disgust when JNT substituted a "pappy pantomime ending" to season twenty-three for the cliffhanger previously agreed upon. DWB was first with the story but CT typically, virtually ignored it... until Seward gave his revelatory interview in *Starburst* 97, in which he labelled JNT a paranoid prima-donna with no understanding of the show, more interested in its off-shoots. DWB took Seward's revelations as proof of what it had been saying for so long, but CT immediately set out to discredit Seward, as the DWAS establishment began attacking him with contemptible hypocrisy - prominent fans who had previously refused to countenance any criticism of the JNT era suddenly began to find a plethora of faults in seasons nineteen to twenty-two, responsibility for which was laid at Seward's door. One popular accusation was that Seward was simply seeking to avoid blame for the show's troubles, and fans asked why Seward had remained on the show for so long if he was so unhappy, ignoring the fact that many people suffer unendurable jobs for years before finally "snapping". Dominic May even rubbished Seward in *The Stage*, asserting that the problems of recent years were entirely due to Seward's work. Nobody pondered why, if Seward was so awful a script-editor and JNT such a flawless producer, Nathan-Turner had not sacked Seward much earlier - for certainly JNT never expressed any unhappiness with Seward's work prior to his resignation. DWM simply pretended nothing had happened, saying that creative disagreements were common in television, while the BBC, just as they would in later years, and exactly as Seward had predicted, demonstrated their usual tendency to defend their own no matter what, "contemptuously" rejecting Seward's allegations by declaring "the interview tells you more about the person who gave it than the people mentioned in it."

The fact that Nathan-Turner has never, to this day, rebutted any of Seward's claims must surely lend them weight, and certainly it was a very subdued JNT who appeared at that year's Panopticon, where he insisted that he would definitely not be producing the now-confirmed next season - a protestation now well on its way to becoming an annual farce. That same day, *The Trial of a Time Lord* began, undermined from the start by the 18 month break, lousy scheduling, and virtually non-existent publicity. Fandom, desperately wanting to believe that the show had improved, heaped praise on the season, and dissenting voices were shouted down. However, it soon became apparent that the season was an artistic and ratings disaster, and the promised revamp had simply not materialised. Colin Baker later blamed Michael Grade for all this, saying that beyond a three-minute meeting in which JNT was told to cut the violence and step up the humour, Grade had no contact with the production team and gave them no idea what he required - but this is really no defence, since Grade's many public statements made it quite clear that he wanted something pretty radical, certainly more so than JNT delivered. Retribution was not long in coming - in the wake of the season's failure, Colin Baker was sacked.

The reasons for Baker's sacking remain unexplained to this day, since the one given at the time - the BBC



believed three years was enough for a Doctor - holds no water whatsoever. It's certainly hard to believe that an intelligent man like Grade, who had shown himself acutely aware of the show's problems, could believe that those problems would be magically solved simply by a change of lead actor. More likely is the theory that Baker, like the show itself, was a victim of the impasse between Grade and Powell, and that Grade, having failed to win the major changes he wanted, was forced to accept the only change Powell was willing to concede in the hope that it might produce the desired results. Any chance of that, however, was wrecked when JNT, despite all his protestations to the contrary, agreed to produce yet another season, claiming to have been persuaded to stay, and settled down to casting Colin's successor. By any standards this behaviour seems shabby and dishonourable. JNT had selected Colin Baker, produced his seasons and guided - even dictated - his interpretation of the role every step of the way. For Colin to be sacked over JNT's head by BBC management amounted to a staggering attack on Nathan-Turner's professional competence, and any other producer would surely have felt duty-bound to resign on the spot, quite apart from the requirements of personal loyalty to a friend. That JNT did not quit there and then suggests either that he felt himself to be the show's only hope of survival - or that he was so desperate to retain the security of regular employment that he was willing to cling loyally to the Corporation no matter how badly he was treated. Its also indicative of Powell's indifference to DOCTOR WHO that having sacked one of JNT's choices as Doctor, he permitted Nathan-Turner to recast the part, though there was no reason to believe that this choice would be any more satisfactory than the last.

And so JNT set about selecting a new Doctor and script-editor with only weeks to go before filming, weeks whose events revealed even more about JNT's approach to the show, and gave credence to many of Seward's accusations. His alleged inability to judge scripts was demonstrated when he hired Pip and Jane Baker to write the first story solely because they could produce the necessary material in the required time - the question of that material's quality seems not to have occurred to him. He also demonstrated his tendency to employ people on the basis of friendship rather than ability, for no-one had been more sycophantically loyal to him than the Bakers. He eventually employed a completely inexperienced script-editor, Andrew Cartmel, who had never even had any work formally published, which seemed to confirm Seward's belief that JNT was "frightened of experienced people" - though perhaps he was also seeking to compensate for his own lack of fresh ideas. Sadly, however original Cartmel's ideas, nothing could disguise the fact that he lacked the experience necessary to realise them successfully, and this was soon painfully apparent on screen. Had he employed writers

who did possess that experience, things might have been different, but instead he surrounded himself with new young writers as inexperienced as himself, and as a result his work was littered with elementary inadequacies that should never have been permitted by a producer with seven years experience behind him. Sadly, just as with Seward, JNT seems to have left Cartmel just to get on with it. And finally, of course, JNT again indulged his theatrical leanings by casting Sylvester McCoy as the Doctor after seeing him in the National Theatre's *Pied Piper*, never considering - as with Langford - that the attributes which made a successful stage performer might not transfer successfully to television! One wonders too if considerations other than McCoy's acting ability influenced JNT's decision. Ever since Tom Baker left, JNT had cast malleable leading men, and McCoy was very much in sympathy with him from the start, even sharing his opinion of fan criticism, which he later said armed the weapons of those who wished to axe the show, apparently not considering that for fans to praise the show indiscriminately would hardly credit them with much intelligence in the BBC's eyes. Certainly it's interesting that although JNT did screen-test two other candidates, said to have been Tony Robinson and Ken Campbell, for the role, he now admits this was done only to satisfy his superiors, as he was already determined to cast McCoy. Since its unbelievable that Robinson or Campbell gave screen-tests inferior to McCoy's, one can only assume the deciding factor was that McCoy seemed 'reliable', whereas Robinson and Campbell were assertive, articulate, creative personalities, experienced as writers and directors, and therefore less likely to just get on with the job. That Powell allowed this casting to go ahead exposes what a cosmetic PR exercise the screen-testing was, and his indifference is underlined by the fact that he had only a ten minute meeting with McCoy before confirming his casting. After that, McCoy was in JNT's hands, his costume and interpretation dictated - just as Colin Baker's was - by JNT, in simplistic press-release terms which simply amalgamated characteristics of previous Doctors; a point underlined by the way JNT happily told Pip and Jane Baker what the new Doctor would be like even before he had been cast - a far cry from the days when Harry Sullivan was created precisely because the then-production team had no idea what the new Doctor's character would be until they'd found an actor to play him!

All this mattered little anyway, as for season twenty-four, Doctor Who was finally moved to Death Row, scheduled at 7:35 on Monday nights opposite CORONATION STREET, a move Michael Grade defended on the grounds that DOCTOR WHO drew a different audience to the STREET, APPARENTLY NOT REALISING THAT IN MOST households this "predominantly younger" audience would be overruled by older STREET addicts. JNT could have pointed this out and fought the scheduling tooth and



nailed, but as always he played the loyal Corporation man, sycophantically parroting Grade's comments about "alternative scheduling". As season twenty-four loomed there were a few brief glimmers of hope - the show received more publicity than it had in many years, and the fan media assiduously created a mood of optimism, promising an exciting fresh approach under Cartmel and McCoy, whilst Michael Grade declared that he was not concerned with DOCTOR WHO's ratings, only its artistic standards. But then, the season began. From the start, it split fandom asunder, completing the polarisation begun by the suspension. Thereafter, two distinct fandoms were discernible; the generally older, more dedicated, more analytical hard-core fandom, now largely decentralised; and the predominantly younger, less discriminating, but paradoxically more fanatical "fanboys", who took their lead from CT and DWM, and rejoiced at what they saw as the show's rebirth, oblivious to the continuing ratings disaster. Briefly it seemed the DWAS might try to raise the alarm, as co-ordinator Andrew Beech penned a scathing critique of McCoy's first episode for the *Daily Mail*, but the rebellion was not to be - within the society, Beech was vilified. Thus it was left to DWB that gave voice to those appalled at the show's new direction, launching Operation Who, its campaign to have John Nathan-Turner replaced. The pro-JNT faction were outraged, and immediately closed ranks, with DWM nailing its colours firmly to the JNT mast in a pompous denunciation of the whole enterprise and those involved penned by Richard Marson (though published anonymously)...and the BBC itself sought to intimidate Nathan-Turner's critics into silence, despatching a letter to DWB threatening legal action - a threat never carried out, as DWB stood firm.

In fact, this was just one instance among many at the time of the BBC protecting JNT from controversy. Powell himself defended the show to the press, calling McCoy "the best Doctor Who (sic) we've ever had", and apparently oblivious to tumbling ratings and audience research which indicated that a shocking 42% of viewers disliked McCoy, making him far less popular than Colin Baker. Powell also accused fans of "biting the hand that feeds them", a statement whose implication, that audiences should take what they're given and be grateful, epitomised the arrogance of Powell's tenure. At the same time the press, which had unanimously slated both the new season and Doctor, began claiming that McCoy had been congratulated by delighted BBC chiefs for saving the show. Given JNT's record of feeding stories to the papers, one wonders who was the source of this information. At the same time, JNT made an appearance on OPEN AIR which was blatantly rigged, airing only one critical call, while receiving many - and here JNT made his infamous "memory cheats" remark, once again unwilling, perhaps unable, to defend his own work except by denigrating his predecessors. In season twenty-five, JNT finally went beyond even what Williams would have permitted. The man who'd once professed to despise comic strip elements had, by giving free-reign to his love of glitz, glamour and campy and combining it



with Cartmel's comic strip leanings, produced a season that was in essence a live-action strip cartoon; in fact Oliver Elmes admitted that this view of the show was his dominant idea when designing the new computer-generated titles - an 'innovation' which again exposed JNT's unimaginative tendency to follow TV trends instead of setting them. For a time, it seemed Operation Who had worked, as the BBC announced that season twenty-five would be JNT's last, and Nathan-Turner tirelessly informed all who cared to listen that he was moving on to other projects. 'No More JNT!' proclaimed DWB 52, and for a few months feverish speculation reigned as to his successor. Sadly, it was a false dawn. In September '88, it emerged that JNT had, as always, been "persuaded to stay". JNT insisted he had been ready to leave, but in fact it seemed the BBC had never had any intention of letting him move on, particularly as none of the obvious staff choices to succeed him (Terrance Dicks and Ruth Boswell, amongst others, had publicly expressed an interest) had been approached. Some concluded that the announcement of his departure had been made simply to silence Operation Who. Whatever the truth, the BBC were displaying a cavalier indifference to JNT's career prospects. JNT, though, seemed oblivious to his humiliation, even boasting that the BBC found him "indispensable". By 1988, JNT's deafness to criticism had reached the stage where even the general audience were disregarded, as he proclaimed that the only comments which interested him were those of his peers, who were "delighted" with his work, and even calamitous ratings could not puncture his complacency - he called them "respectable".

Improvements came in the show, though revealingly only as Cartmel gained experience and drifted towards the darker territory of graphic novels. Much has been written about Cartmel's tenure, most recently by Anthony Brown last issue, and this is not the place to examine it in depth, but Anthony did correctly identify Cartmel's chief failing - his failure to appreciate Doctor Who's true worth, and his desire to replace its established myths with his own "better" one. However, this is not surprising - time and time again in these articles I've returned to Nathan-Turner's basic flaw, his failure to appreciate Doctor Who's true worth - it was perhaps inevitable that he would eventually employ a script-editor who shared that failing. But looking back, the most striking point about those years is the way a large faction of fandom deceived themselves, and allowed themselves to be deceived, about the state of the show. In retrospect, Doctor Who was living on borrowed time from the moment Jonathan Powell became Controller of BBC1. With season twenty-five already in production, and season twenty-six booked in, Powell's first chance to axe the show quietly was at the end of *Survival* - and that's exactly what he did. But none of this was reflected in the fan press of the time. CT and DWM maintained an optimistic tone which bore no connection to reality, and the latter verged on the propagandist, forever eulogising McCoy's Doctor and Cartmel's Masterplan to restore the show's mystery, at one point lavishing praise on dialogue from *Survival* which never actually made it to the screen! But arguably, the Cartmel Masterplan was a major nail in Doctor Who's coffin, giving the show a more obscure narrative style which betrayed Cartmel's background in comics, being calculated for the kind of comic buffs dedicated enough to pick up minute clues from several different texts and piece them together - fine for comics selling to a small, rarified readership, but disastrous for a populist TV show which had to capture millions of viewers. JNT should have seen the pitfalls, but by this time he seemed to have become a mere figurehead with little creative input on the show, and it is astonishing how rarely writers mention him when discussing the formulation of the Cartmel era.

By 1989, JNT's empire was crumbling around him, but neither he nor his adoring fandom noticed. It was a time when DOCTOR WHO was reaping the most consistently low ratings of its history, yet DWM declared it to be enjoying a new golden age; when the BBC's own audience research indicated that McCoy was hugely unpopular, yet DWM could claim that his victory in their favourite Doctor poll underlined "his popularity with the public" (as if non-fans would even read DWM, never mind vote in its polls!); a time when *The Frame* made the absurd claim that McCoy had restored the show to its early Eighties' popularity; and a time when it was near

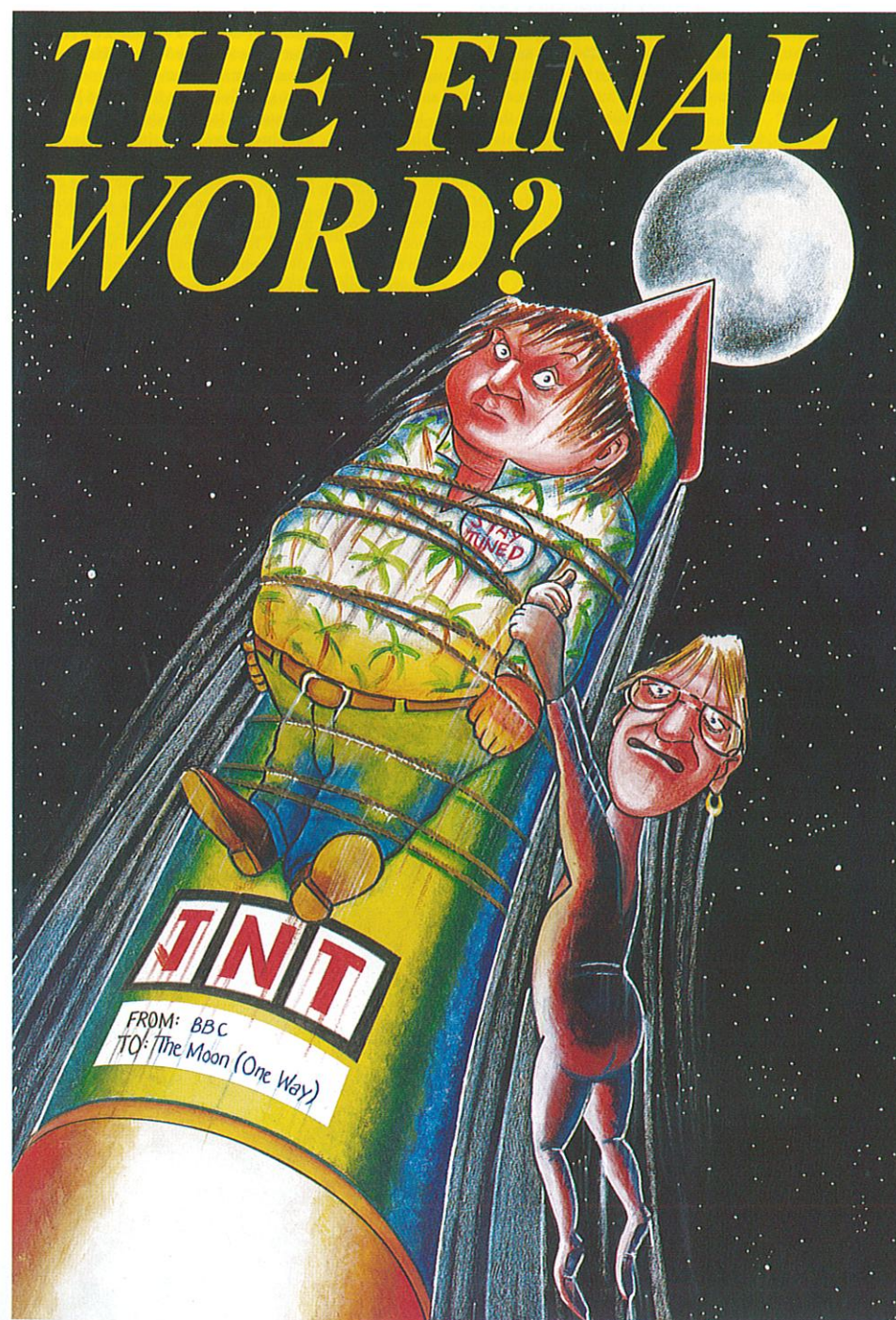
impossible to find any non-fan with a good word to say for McCoy's Doctor, yet CT and DWM overflowed with letters proclaiming him the greatest Doctor ever! And those who tried to question this rose-tinted view were vilified; labelled "bogus fans" by one CT correspondent; told in DWM that they were living in the past, and that the show had to change in order to survive - a statement which now has a very hollow ring.

Season twenty-six hit trouble from the start, undermined by JNT's decision to open the run with *Battlefield* which provided the dullest season opener in years, and damaged further by Nathan-Turner's deliberate holding back of publicity till mid-season so that by the time many people realised Doctor Who was back it was too late. Thus DOCTOR WHO slipped away quietly at the end of 1989. It was several months before the CT/DWM faction even realised that had happened. In the aftermath of cancellation, JNT seems a sad figure, a King without a crown, and even his proudest achievement, the show's American success, was crumbling as Lionheart pushed their prices so high that most stations could no longer afford the show. For a year JNT sat in the Doctor Who office, occupying himself with peripheral activities and all the time insisting that he was about to move on to other projects. Again, he was deceiving himself. By keeping him on Who Powell had made it plain that he didn't want him on any other show, and finally even JNT had to face the truth, as the production office closed and he was thrown into the harsh world of the freelance. One might have expected JNT, at this point, to start building the career he'd so long postponed, but instead he clung to Doctor Who, getting himself hired as adviser to one merchandiser after another, until the only possible conclusion one could draw was that he simply couldn't obtain any work which wasn't Who-related. He fronted the BSB Doctor Who weekend, and wrote numerous articles for DWM. His company ran Doctor Who lectures. He even got his name on the pinball machine - and of course 'was persuaded' by BBC Enterprises to run their video and audio range, thanks to his "special knowledge" of the programme, in spite of his performance on BSB's Doctor Who quiz which had shown him unable even to answer questions on his own era! So desperate was he for Who-related employment, he even returned to the British convention circuit, reportedly imposing himself on several con organisers. Many fans began wondering if they'd ever be rid of him... but his time was running out. Adverse reaction to his "special" tapes and audio releases, all of which demonstrated his self-confessed inability to write, reached a peak when the fan press was leaked a provisional video schedule for 1993 so packed with specials that it seemed geared solely to keeping JNT in employment. At the same time renewed scandal embroiled him, firstly over his behaviour in denying Richard Landen a credit on the MISSING STORIES tapes, and then with a fresh round of Saward/Levine revelations, while at Enterprises there was allegedly growing concern at his arrogant and proprietorial attitude, which culminated in his reported demand that Enterprises sue DWB! Old habits die hard. By this time, JNT was trying to cover his tracks, proclaiming that in the wake of his first major non-Who success - typically, a BBC Corporate roadshow - he was ready to sever his DOCTOR WHO connections. In fact they were about to be severed for him, as Enterprises decided not to renew his contract, and instructed all merchandisers to cease links with him, denying him even his old bolt-hole as adviser to DWM. It was a strangely fitting exit, surrounded by scandal, and it was typical of JNT that when he finally went it was not of his own accord. Certainly it was long overdue - and yet JNT even now seems to be clinging to the show, for despite all his talk of new projects, he was last reported to be assisting Noel Gay Productions in putting forward a bid to produce DOCTOR WHO independently, on the proviso that if they won the contract they would employ him as producer. Thankfully, the alleged bid was rejected. One can only hope this is the very last DOCTOR WHO hears of JNT; that his tenure is now truly over; and that we can at last look to the future. It's time for a new era.

Tim Munro

AND FINALLY: Concluding our coverage of the JNT era, we look at the other side, as Kate Orman considers the points in JNT's favour which may have been overlooked... Coming soon!

The Alternative Making of Silver Nemesis



DWB 114 • June 1993

HAD CAMCORDERS been a more affordable commodity back in 1988, then perhaps DWB would be releasing *The Alternative Making of Silver Nemesis* around now, featuring the farcical events not captured by the US documentary makers.

With DWB never having featured on JNT's guest list for a studio or location shoot we decided instead that by 1988 it was time to invite ourselves - to Paddington Cemetery on April 8th for the graveyard scenes in *Remembrance of the Daleks* (ref: DWB53), and to Arundel in Sussex in late June for *Silver Nemesis* - to see what really went on behind the scenes. While the former passed more or less without much ado thanks to Sophie Aldred's familiarity with our photographer Sheldon Collins, whom she recognised from several conventions (although John Nathan-Turner "defied" us to publish our photos taken by the time he arrived on the scene - a threat we of course ignored), events in Sussex proved altogether more memorable.

Perhaps we should have known better than to travel to the historic town in Sheldon's distinctive red London cab - a symbol as instantly recognisable among seasoned convention-goers as the police box itself! - for no sooner had we arrived in Arundel in search of a mobile BBC canteen than we turned a corner and found ourselves bang in the middle of an OB unit with JNT's face leering in through the window as I innocently proceeded to fumble with my shoe lace, whispering to Sheldon to keep driving! We continued for a further 150 yards where we disembarked and casually proceeded to stretch out on a glade of grass in the glorious sunshine, pretending to ignore Gary Downie's shrieks of "It's them, it's them!" Almost immediately, half a dozen reflector shields appeared from nowhere as members of the crew formed a semi-circle around the recording in process (the scene with the skinheads at the gate), the harsh sunlight bouncing off the shields and effectively blinding all onlookers.

With this sequence quickly wrapped, the crew hurriedly boarded various BBC vehicles and quickly sped off in two directions. A last sardonic glance from Downie, roughly interpreted as "You've wasted your time - you'll never find us", prompted us to attempt to follow his entourage as opposed to the other group headed by *Silver Nemesis*'s 'official' director Chris Clough.

Enquiries with the local farmer, who happily gave us permission to enter his land, eventually led us to the miniature castle where the crew were clearly taking advantage of the baking heat during a break in the recording. Again we settled down some way from the ensemble, or at least we thought we had. Our nap was rudely broken by the purring of an obviously large car and the beatings of an almost, by now, manic Gary Downie, literally pleading with us not to photograph the vehicle. It turned out that we were almost directly in the path of a silver limo, though we were baffled as to Downie's infatuation with the thing. Of course we were later to discover that it was not so much the car as to who was inside it that Downie felt so obliged to protect from the glare of the press (well, DWB). Evidently having gone to great lengths to secure the services of HRH Dolores Grey (who she?), he and JNT weren't going to let this once in a lifetime brush with Tinseltown be ruined by the presence of such low-lives! "You hate the programme - well we hate you!" screamed Downie, and eventually two constables arrived to restore order, routinely pointing out to the frenzied Downie that since neither myself nor Sheldon were committing any kind of an offence, would he kindly stop wasting their time!

Whilst this day, from my point of view, certainly contains the most hilarious memories from ten years of being involved with DWB, it certainly brought home how far the series had drifted from its ideal in the hands of - as Michael Grade had observed three years earlier - a complacent production team. The subsequent televised version of *Silver Nemesis* held no surprises - it was every bit as farcical and incompetent as the production we had witnessed suggested it would be; an almost criminal, undoubtedly tragic waste of resources squandered by a man seemingly more interested in ensuring his crew had a good time than in the show itself. You may have noted that this article contains only one reference to DOCTOR WHO (ie, this one). Any surprise when the events of the day bore a greater resemblance to SOME MOTHERS DO 'AVE 'EM?

Gary Leigh

In recent months, one Fleet Street columnist has consistently echoed DWB's analyses of the state of British Television. As an epilogue to *The Full Circle*, we reprint the comments of the Daily Mail's Marcus Berkman on 'change for change's sake', and right, his advice to Alan Yentob on, amongst other things, DOCTOR WHO...

New brooms creating mess

When it's not broken, don't mend it - sound advice, especially in the fragile world of television. If a programme works, leave it alone.

Don't change presenters. Don't introduce whizzy new graphics for no reason. Don't mess about with the theme music. Leave it alone.

Who could doubt this wisdom? Well, TV producers, for a start. While research has shown that generally people like their favourite programmes the way they are, the motto of many producers appears to be 'Change for the sake of change'. No programme appears to be safe, no matter how popular.

The latest victim is the BBC's One O'Clock News, but there have been many others. The One O'Clock News, for instance, is a popular, watchable, well judged programme, capably helmed by Philip Hayton, whose unearner approach seems well suited to lunchtime. The show runs rings around ITN's effort, with its awkward format and presenters sitting in each other's laps.

And yet the BBC, led by John Birt, has decreed that it is not serious and heavyweight enough. Hayton has been fired, and serious, heavyweight journalists like John Tusa (serious) and ITV's Edward 'Ed' Stourton (heavyweight) have been brought in.

The watchdog is 'analysis', although it's possible that 'boredom' might be more appropriate. Vast changes will be made, vast piles of money spent, to no purpose. Over on ITV, we have the lingering embarrassment of News at Ten - living proof of the terrible power of market research.

Having decided to adopt the single presenter format, the company took to the streets to ask punters which newscasters they recognised. A handful recognised Alastair Stewart. A few more knew Julia Somerville. But virtually everyone recognised Trevor McDonald, so Trevor got the job.

The music was mucked about with, the set was changed and those rather elegant computer graphics were junked in favour of a monumentally dull helicopter shot of Big Ben. Result: all authority gone, and poor Trevor stranded in the middle of his space-age set like a lost soul.

Viewers have run screaming, and the great days of Sandy and Sir Alastair seem infinitely distant.

Even that most harmless of soaps, Emmerdale, has been affected. Enter a new producer, who didn't like the theme tune, so she commissioned a new one. Viewers rebelled. The old music had been there for twenty years, and they had grown rather fond of it. Finally, the producer relented. The new music was dropped. But the producer wasn't giving in that easily. She instantly commissioned another theme tune. No doubt sandbags have been installed at Yorkshire TV headquarters for the inevitable uproar.

It seems to come down to a flexing of muscles, a way for a new producer to show that they mean business. Changing music, changing graphics, firing much-loved old presenters - they're all a perfect way of announcing that the regime of the previous incumbent is no more, and that a breath of fresh air is wafting through the corridors.

But who cares if it means that, say, Anne Gregg, another victim of change, is replaced by Annika Rice? The viewers simply lose out. The irony is that often these rejigs are watched by fewer people. Top of the Pops, widely criticised since its relaunch, now has its smallest audiences for years, and people are beginning to talk of it being abandoned.

Perhaps it's only appropriate that the scorned viewers should get the last word. Producers with big ideas, beware.

Brickbats and Buckets for the Beeb

So what should Yentob do? BBC1 is a hot cookie - the flagship of the corporation, the channel by which, perhaps unfairly, we tend to judge the BBC as a whole.

Under Jonathan Powell's tutelage, all has not been well. Alan Yentob, meanwhile, has been transforming BBC2 into the most consistently exciting and innovative station on our screens. Now he's Controller of BBC1. What should he do? Here are a few random thoughts: 'PANORAMA: can it be saved? Once the premier current affairs show on television, it is now so boring that scarcely three million viewers tune in each week. It may be that Yentob can do little or nothing to reverse this trend, but let's hope he tries.

'COMEDY: one of Yentob's great specialities, as the recent array of BBC2 comedy successes has shown. Oddly enough, BBC1 hasn't done as well. There's Victor Meldrew, and Chef!, and Hyacinth Bucket (or Bouquet, that is), but the rest are generally a sorry lot.

'JONATHAN POWELL's cancellation of An Actor's Life for Me, and his renewal of series as dire as Side by Side and Us Girls, give one the impression that laughs weren't really his forte. Yentob should do much better.

'BETWEEN THE LINES: perhaps Powell's greatest drama success of recent times, and as such a possible signifier for the future.

As ITV's drama gets blander and blander, so a series like Between the Lines - intelligent, realistic, and happy to assume that its viewers have brains - is what BBC1 should be concentrating on. The fact that it's been renewed for a second season is as good an omen as any. 'DOCTOR WHO: Time for a rethink on this, perhaps. Powell hated it, but it has a ready-made

audience - each of those many video tapes sells 30,000 or more in the UK - and it makes pots of money overseas. Whether you like it or not (and I don't much), Doctor Who could subsidise a number of ambitious drama projects. And a new series would cheer up an awful lot of people with beards...

'DAYTIME: Good Morning with Anne and Nick may not be getting the ratings quite yet, but they've started well and deserve to be persevered with. After all, Richard and Judy on the other side took years to reach their present exalted status.

'BUT do we really need Ross King, popping up chirpily between all those morning programmes for no reason at all? Presumably the idea is to impose some continuity on the morning schedules, but it doesn't work.

'SPORT: big problem here, as Yentob doesn't like it. Not at all. So sports fans can just pray that he doesn't marginalise them too much. The BBC is the best sportscaster around, and any erosion of sports coverage on the main channel would be a disaster.

'SAD old programmes that are well past their cancel-by-date. Do we still need That's Life? Last of the Summer Wine? Mastermind? I'm not entirely sure that we do.

'SEX and Violence: a bit of a red herring, this, although the last episode of Casualty could not have been more badly timed. In fact, from the reactions I receive, more people seem to be worried by swearing than anything else.

And in the end, nothing infuriates people more than bad programmes. Oh, and Mike Smith. But I'm optimistic. Mr Yentob's is an adventurous and possibly inspired appointment, and I wish him the best of luck.

©Marcus Berkman and Associated Newspapers, reproduced with permission.

THE KEEPER OF TRAKEN

"How vain one still can be - I thought the whole universe knew the history of our little empire."

WHILE the Keeper may have been surprised to find that Adric knew nothing of the Union of Traken, it's even more astonishing that *The Keeper of Traken* has become so neglected in recent years. It's a story which was widely acclaimed at the time of transmission; a story which, if left for a few months between repeated screenings, never fails to entrance the viewer; one of the genuine classics. It even contains perhaps the most chilling portrayal of the Master ever heard (for that's all he is for most of the plot) in the series. And yet, it's been almost forgotten. DOCTOR WHO must be pretty good in general for it to be possible for something this good to be this overlooked.

Of course, it's impossible to entirely recapture the atmosphere surrounding *Traken* on its first transmission - old foes were a rarity at the time, of course, and it's difficult to believe the impact that the Master's return had then. But that was down to the manner of his return as much as anything - the way the realisation crept up on the fan until the moment when he turned to camera and confirmed a suspicion, a hope, one couldn't quite dare believe. In these pre-Saward days, time travel and the Time Lords were still a mystery to most of the universe (one undoubted mistake Saward made throughout his tenure, from *Earthshock* onwards, was his assumption that everyone of significance knew about Gallifrey - until then there'd been no indication that even the Daleks knew the secret of the Doctor's origins), and so the little pieces of evidence scattered throughout the early episodes (Melkur removes the TARDIS through the use of time technology; Melkur is a TARDIS-like machine; Melkur knows the Doctor is a Time Lord) build up until it becomes obvious that Melkur must be the Master! Another change wrought by hindsight results from the means used to add Nyssa to the TARDIS crew in *Logopolis*, which adds a terrible post-script to this story, creating an air of tragedy which hangs over it, strengthening the Shakespearean echoes.

In part these flow from the stagey, obviously studio bound production, in which night and day are indicated by the lighting (complete with moon) of the studio cyclorama, just as might be done in the theatre. As has often been commented, the costumes suggest *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, a resemblance heightened by us of a wedding feast to introduce the characters (just as the eve of a marriage opens *Dream*) while the Keeper's narration establishes them in the manner of a chorus or prologue. Add in the curiously theatrical language of the Keeper's court ("Hugger mugger", "Base, degraded creature") and the influence is clear long before Melkur quotes *Romeo and Juliet*.

Another Shakespearean parallel is the use of corrupted heroes, not villains - here, characters who were long standing friends become enemies through their devotion to traits which under any other circumstances would be

admirable, but here become fatal flaws, manipulated by the Master with all the skill of a master (sorry) strategist. He's on top form here, making tiny surreptitious moves which nudge the other characters in the direction he needs, until they end up acting in ways they would once have found horrific, even though the foundations of the chain of decisions which have led them to this point have been long since undermined (The Doctor is initially mistrusted because his craft cannot be found; later, he is prevented from returning to that craft! Initially he is accused of being a 'creature of Melkur' - but once he's established as Melkur's enemy, this actually acts in Melkur's favour, the Doctor being a known traitor!) But the Master doesn't need to do much, as the seeds of corruption are already buried within Traken society - he need only nurture them...

Like *The Keys of Marinus* before it (though in a far superior manner), *Traken* asks how genuine a morality imposed by force, however benevolent and subtle, can be - and finds it wanting. The Consuls shed only a few crocodile tears to salve their consciences once they decide to use judicial murder to re-establish their authority, while Nyssa resorts to bribery and abuse of her father's position to corrupt and influence a government servant without a second thought - an interesting dimension to a character too frequently dismissed as 'innocent' in later stories. As an ideal society, Traken is badly flawed, but very believable - the feeling of a separate, alien culture is effectively created with great subtlety - no "It is our custom to..."s here. Traken seems a real world, inhabited by real people, making it an exception amongst the societies the Doctor has visited. The unusual structure of episode one contributes to this - a central cast of seven are sketched out as intriguing characters with only the briefest of brush strokes - but there's a more basic air of realism as well - for once, a story takes place over several days, with day following night, and characters pausing for sleep. And this applies to the regulars as well - what the Doctor needs most in the universe is breakfast, a welcome sign of real 'humanity' from the character. Tom Baker is in great form, throwing away lines like "Fine, fine, it's always great to be reprieved" and "Don't listen to me, I never do" with gay abandon, while the Adric/Doctor relationship is still working, with the former still some way off his collapse into idiocy - "I do hope we know what we're doing" - "So do I - We?"

Of course, *Traken* was the story which introduced two new regulars to the series. Anyone who can spot an ounce of ham in Anthony Ainley's performance deserves a medal for observation (and bloody-mindedness), though "Dead, Seron dead?" comes pretty close, I'll admit. His portrayal of Tremas is superb, creating a genuine affection for the character which makes the twist in the story's tail all the more shocking. Here, the



largely unrealised potential of his Master can be clearly seen.

In her first episode, Nyssa is honoured with four words of dialogue and one close-up - a low key introduction for any companion, even an unintentional one - but once she takes a role in the plot in episode three the character makes a genuine impression ("I must remember never to fall out with your daughter, Tremas."), and it's easy to see why the production team kept her on. Unfortunately other authors let the fire leak from her before she could establish herself as an equal to Tegan, and like all of the newcomers (writers, actors and directors) introduced by this story, Sarah Sutton never quite matched her work here again.

The direction is assured and restrained, letting the performances do the work while building up highly effective atmosphere, bolstered by Roger Limb's well judged score. Particularly effective is the moment when the camera draws back from the wedding feast, the Keeper's narration continuing above it. "Now it begins, with my certain knowledge of the coming dissolution. No Keeper lasts forever and the period of transition is always difficult, but I sensed more than that, even as I came to name Tremas as my successor." The picture freezes, the *dramatis personae* of the piece framed on screen, as the Keeper wonders at the nature of the evil, somehow nurtured within "those three good people kneeling before me to receive the Keeper's blessing." A magical moment, from a story filled with hidden meanings and subtle hints of things to come - the Master/Tremas anagram is obvious, but the significance of the Doctor's last words to Tremas ("I'm afraid your luck's just run out"), and the time displayed by the Master's grandfather clock TARDIS... Eleven O'Clock - the hands closing on the "inevitable vertical of midnight" for which (according to the novel of *Logopolis*) the Watcher is already waiting...

Three understated cliffhangers flow naturally from the development of the plot and are turned into classics by spot-on playing, though the script does have one weak point - the omission of any mention of the 'Ultimate Sanction' against a new keeper until the final episode. But this is a tiny flaw when compared with the other delights this serial has to offer - the sets are marvellously convincing, managing to combine both technology and cloistered antiquity with understated and restrained design in a manner which gives this low budget production more 'reality' than any amount of

Continued over...

Left: The Doctor (Tom Baker), Tremas (Anthony Ainley) and Adric (Matthew Waterhouse) (BBC Video)

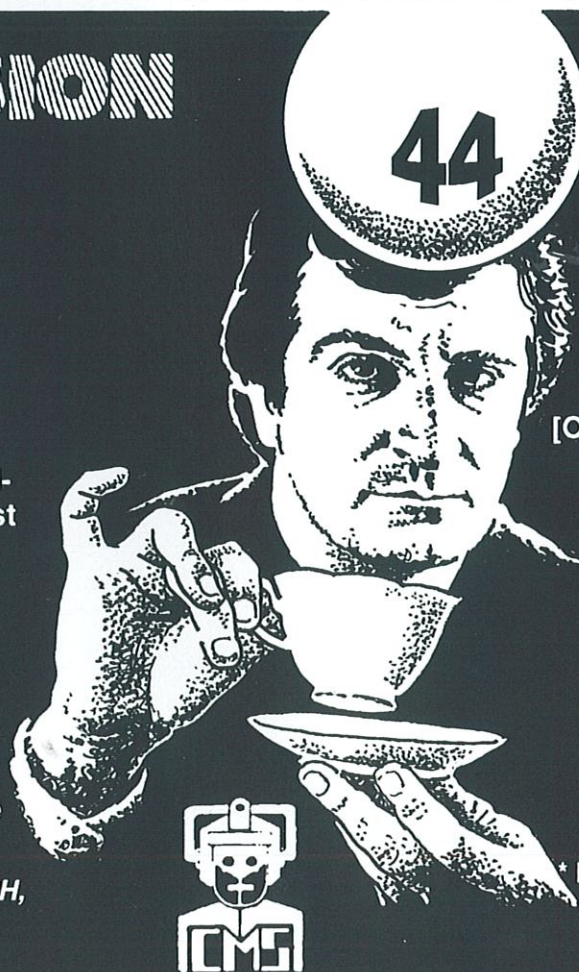


IN-VISION

NOT QUITE LIFE, THE WHO-NIVERSE AND EVERYTHING...

- At last, a wholly remarkable publication telling the story of the most famous Doctor Who serial never made
- From Seventies cancellation to Nineties restoration
- Features, photographs, production plans, location guide, interviews and much, much more

... BUT MORE USEFUL THAN A FRESH, REALLY STRONG CUP OF TEA!



SHADA

AVAILABLE FROM JUNE 1st

£2.40p (inc p&p)
[Overseas orders, add £1]

from the CMS distribution address:
13 Northfield Road
Borehamwood
HERTS WD6 4AE
England

Cheques, P.O.s, & Money Orders payable to J. Jeremy Bentham

* Back issues also available
* Subscription details on request



LUCIFER RISING

WHEN I was in my early teens, I read, amongst other things, Arthur C. Clarke's *Rendezvous with Rama*, Robert Heinlein's *Starship Trooper*, a well illustrated tome about potential life in the solar system that included a fine painting of possible life on the gas giants of Saturn and Jupiter, and a mixed bag of books about mythology. Having read Andy Lane's and Jim Mortimore's *Lucifer Rising* I can't help feeling that somewhere along the line they went to the same library as me. Not that this is a bad thing in itself, but if you are going to plunder ideas then you'd better do it well, and at almost 350 pages, *Lucifer Rising* has plenty of space to realise this potential, but...

Firstly, the book kicks along at a good speed, thanks to a simple and generally direct writing style. These terms are not to be taken as criticisms, although I would have liked the text to be less clipped in places, if only to alter the pace. For instance, the sequences that introduce characters feel rather empty and rushed, and I often got the impression that all I ended up being told were their names. Even by the end of the book, some of the major players still felt rather empty - a name, maybe a religion if the plot needed us to know, but rarely those little details that bring names to life. Whilst I realise that *Lucifer Rising* was designed as a fairly traditional adventure, I think I'd have got more involved if I'd felt I knew the characters better.

That said, the basic plot premise is very good. The mystery that denies its solution works as well as ever, and a strange alien complex, seemingly deserted, has its potential well realised. You really do get the feeling that you are being presented with a world (or more rightly, worlds) that have something to hide. After all, what would you do when faced with a hollow rock, filled with alien artifacts and linked by a space elevator to its sister moon? The baffled scientists from Earth that are investigating this twinned conundrum ask our questions for us, and then frustrate our expectations. After five years they have learnt little about their subjects except that they shouldn't exist by the accepted rules of physics. Enter the Doctor just as the plot starts to thicken.

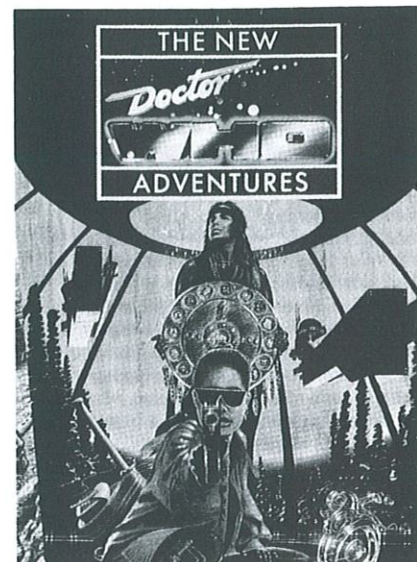
For the first two hundred pages I felt myself carried along by a string of deaths and the general mysteriousness of the plot's setting. I could have done without some of the cod philosophy and the occasionally heavy handed green angle. But these never got in the way of the suspense and building drama. However, what turned all this promise rather sour was the introduction of IMC (*Colony in Space*) and a multi-dimensional bandit. This change in direction seemed rather pointless, especially as the plot could have been resolved just as well without them. I got the feeling that what I had before me was a four part story getting an extra two episodes grafted on at the last moment because the following story had fallen

The Keeper of Traken (cont from p21)

gloss ever could, while little touches such as the Trakens' clothes, whose length and lack of colour demonstrate age and seniority (shown most clearly by the change in Kassia's clothes between her first, flashback appearance and the bulk of the plot) underline the quality of the production.

All in all, in fact, *The Keeper of Traken* is a cracking example of how a good script, a strong cast and an imaginative designer can make magic within the confines of a television studio, without recourse to film, effects or expensive action. Unfortunately, it isn't just Doctor Who that doesn't make 'em like that anymore. Fortunately, with the release of *The Keeper of Traken* we now have access to a full trilogy of almost unmatched quality. (10)

Anthony Brown



through. Whilst this worked with *Invasion* (which incidentally encompassed some similar themes. For IMC read IE) it detracted from *Lucifer Rising*. Not so much padding - more an interesting idea that should none the less have been dropped for dramatic reasons.

I'm going to get a bit nasty now, so if any of you are feeling a bit squeamish you'd better turn away.

What's all this minor key guff? Using musical imagery is all well and good, but how the Doctor is supposed to identify a door's hum as being in E flat minor is quite beyond me, especially as we are told said door is emitting only the root note and a perfect fifth. Without the third of the scale you can't tell if it's major or minor. And Mr Mortimore's a musician! Shame on you.

Seriously though, I had more than a few problems with the Doctor's use of a gun, and Ace's level of cynical manipulation. Neither rang true to me, despite some good attempts to explain the actions of both regulars. What's most galling about these hiccups is that they could have been avoided if the IMC diversion had been omitted. Others will probably disagree, or at least find less to quibble about in this department, but I'm not sure that a Doctor who kills with a gun is true to character.

Continuity, always a popular if sticky issue, is generally well handled by the book, but with one exception. I'll not give it away in any detail, but you should look out for how the Doctor helps defeat the Daleks after they've decided to mine the core out of the Earth. Please! Can we avoid the all seeing all knowing Doctor of recent years? It's as counter productive as it is pointless.

My final criticism of the book is its title. Just why the gas giant planet is called Lucifer is never explained, and it certainly never rises. Also, calling its floating inhabitants Angels only makes matters worse. Imagery works well when its subtle and there is a reason behind it, but in this case I can see no real excuse for the choice of names other than they are obviously evocative of conflict when paired.

All this might make it seem like I didn't enjoy the book. Not true. In fact, I was rather disappointed at having to read it so fast (little more than twenty four hours between its receipt and the review deadline) as I would have liked a little more time to take in some of its best elements. This frustration was compounded by the feeling that what was undoubtedly a good book could have been much better if only there had been a reduction in its plotting. (6)

Stephen Cole

Virgin Books; £4.50

CIRCUS OF THE DALEKS

AND NOW they're both on one tape. They've filled up scheduling gaps on occasional Saturday mornings, they've been a part of BBC2's season of schlock science fiction movies, they were the perfect opportunity to go and do something constructive when the Doctor Who weekend was on BSB and then they resurfaced again and again on Sky Movies Plus and - accolade of accolade - Sky Movies Gold! Yes, the sixties' Dalek films. Rather like beer ice-lollies, you know they exist but the idea doesn't particularly appeal.

They've been out on video before of course, in horrific covers oozing good, sturdy English tackiness left over from the garish 'gems' within. But now, for the first time, both films are assembled together on one tape. Why? Can there really be any mileage left in them after all these years? You almost have to admire them for their staying power in the face of almost total ignominy, save for the occasional obligatory article to acknowledge their existence in the Who canon when they re-emerge. Such as this one.

Doctor Who and the Daleks and *Daleks Invasion Earth 2150AD* are obviously the best known sixties Who peripherals; and whereas *Curse of the Daleks*, for example, has a vague mystical allure to it (no-one knows what it was really like and it can never be recreated), the world and its mother know about Peter Cushing's brash forays with Roberta Tovey, Roy Castle, Bernard Cribbins et al. The evidence has been peddled to death. And here it is again, and it's difficult to know what to add to a topic already covered probably far more than it deserves to be.

These sorry Dalek 'blockbusters' aren't all bad, of course - parts of them are so rubbishy that they're cult viewing. The hapless Londoner at the start of *Invasion Earth*, for example, who reaches for the TARDIS' phone only to have the box vanish and to end up on his behind. What is there to do in such a situation but shrug your shoulders and grimace wearily at the camera? And the climax to the first film, well... yes, those ten-foot-tall-and-the-wrong-perspective Roman centurions marching through the TARDIS (not into it - through it) are enough to send any record-breaking trumpeter panicking around the 'inspired' TARDIS control room set (what a twist! Police Box on the outside, and Totters Lane junkyard on the inside!) pulling huge honking levers and the like... and I wonder if I dare mention Bernard Cribbins' superb comedy performance as a Roboman on the Dalek ship, eating his 'food'. Possibly one of the dumbest sequences in movie history ready for you to savour again and again, on yet another tape!

Of course, there are bits dotted around that are pleasing to the ear and eye. The rousing theme tune to the second one with its whoops and warbles over the orchestra, dotty old Cushing pre-empting even WOTAN with his 'I am Doctor Who' business all over the place, and the marvellous Philip Madoc dying his most spectacular Who death. Those many Daleks, too, really do look good, but the shadows and suspense and the feeling of something new occurring that made the TV series so potent a drama is wholly lost in the technicolour circus of these films. The Daleks become garish bad guys and no more, their pulp SF roots magnified and distorted until the creatures become these panto bug eyed monsters. A shame, but rather typical.

This programme we hold so dear cannot transfer to any other medium and remain the same, of course it can't. It may still be entertaining as theatre, film or even cartoon, but handled by the Milton Subotskys of the world who can only think 'big' and thus miss the 'precious little' of a shaky, shadowy sixties TV show, it can be Doctor Who in name only. And as WOTAN and Peter Cushing could presumably tell us, what's in a name? (2)

Stephen Cole
£12.99 (Scanned)

Red Dwarf Programme Guide

by Chris Howarth & Steve Lyons
Published by Virgin Publishing Ltd, £4.99.

The problem with both this book and *The Official RED DWARF Companion* is that neither is a good comprehensive volume on the cult comedy phenomenon. But together they come pretty close. Put bluntly, the Titan book is 811 pictures with little text, while the Virgin one is all text and few pictures. Indeed - in a similar manner to the questionable Tony Attwood *BLAKE'S 7 Programme Guide* - the inclusion of a few pages of token photographs with a heavy bias towards later material is pretty superfluous.

Virgin's handy pocketbook guide to Lister and Co. has been written by Chris Howarth and Steve Lyons, the enthusiastic duo behind the launch of *RED DWARF Smegazine*. Whilst this particular comic/mag had a very shaky start indeed, in recent months the factual content on the show has picked up considerably, notably with Joe Nazarro and particularly the very talented Jane Killick joining the team. Because of the cross-over of authors, there is a slight overlap of material between the Virgin guide and the magazine, but this is hardly noticeable. Nor does the book exist merely to hype the Fleetway magazine, which is again commendable. However, the entry regarding Bruce Dessau's *The Official RED DWARF Companion* is naturally short and unenthusiastic and covered more briefly in the merchandise chapter than the average T-shirt.

The most fascinating chapter in this work has to be the first one, 'The History', in which the development of the series itself is charted. Like Dessau's volume, 90% of the information will probably be old hat to hardened readers of the *Smegazine*, but it's the new 10% that makes delightful reading. Steve and Chris have made a far more detailed study of the show and its continuity (highlighting such aspects as the changing size of the crew aboard Red Dwarf) and reveal some other

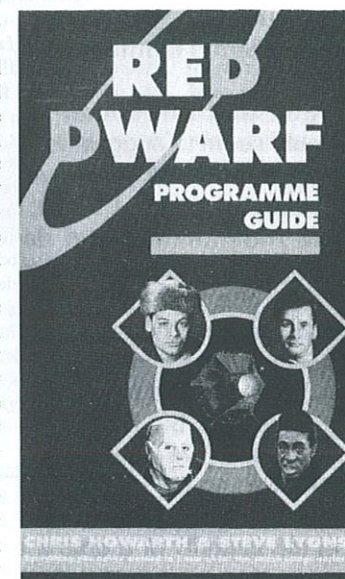
oddities of information like certain locations used for the series, a whole host of extras and stand-ins for the regular cast, and also the complete title of the episode *DNA*. In many ways it would be lovely if this chapter could be expanded into a comprehensive guide to the show's production in a future work. A key issue in these days of the videorecorder is that now a television show can be accessible to all, and hence a book that merely retreads synopses and other information that can be gleaned from a viewing of the actual source material is not sufficient. Handy for reference yes, but no basis for a whole book. TV related books these days - for the serious enthusiast - should concentrate more on what cannot be seen on screen, the story behind the story, to augment the viewer's collection of videotapes (a key example being Neil Gaiman's *Don't Panic*).

The second chapter, 'The Characters', is a very comprehensive look at Lister, Rimmer, the Cat, Holly and Kryten. The attention to detail is excellent and places it far above the material in the Titan volume. Here the lads have thoroughly studied each character and woven the myriad facts into a reasonably consistent set of biographies of the sort which should prevent any more continuity screw-ups in future episodes (unless Grant Naylor are introducing them deliberately to wind us up!). Generally though, it's the sort of section with few surprises.

The same has to be said of the next section, 'The Programmes', which gives transmission date, guest cast and an excellent synopsis of each episode (a major stumbling block in Bruce Dessau's work). Some of these are little gems, capturing the style of the originals quite well and showing how a comedy episode guide is quite different to an SF episode guide (with Kim Howard Johnson's excellent *MONTY PYTHON - The First 200 Years* being a superb example of the former). What would make this section even better in future editions is the addition of more behind-the-scenes trivia. In particular I'm still dying to see a set of recording dates and venues for the show. If people can dredge up recording schedules to *A FOR ANDROMEDA*, *OUT OF THE UNKNOWN* and *THE AVENGERS* from thirty years ago, I'd have thought that with the co-operation of Grant and Naylor, a set of thirty dates from 1988 onwards couldn't be that tricky.

The Index (a.k.a. Chapter 4) is the antidote to the works of David Saunders, Tony Attwood and Jean-Marc L'Officier in being an A to Z of all things Dwarfish. In addition to a very exhaustive list of special nouns, verbs and adjectives, there are some entries included which simply allow some of Grant and Naylor's best gagstobegin a second outing (egs. Dog Food, Huming, Scrumping and Seven).

Section 5 is entitled 'The Creators', which sounds as if it should be devoted entirely to Rob



Primordial Soup - The Least Worst Scripts

by Grant Naylor - Penguin Books, £4.99; ISBN - O 14 017886 4 - 151 pages.

Primordial Soup is, according to the authors, a disgustingly uncompromising, gunky substance that existed before recorded time. Likewise, the blurb goes, from the disgustingly unpromising, gunky scripts, sprang the disgusting, gunky comedy series RED DWARF, although what this says about the authors' own opinion of the scripts is best left unanswered. I use the plural term to describe the compilers of this tome, because as you can probably guess, Grant Naylor is really Rob Grant and Doug Naylor in disguise.

Billed as the "least worst scripts", these are what Rob 'n' Doug have decided as being, at some point, their favourite episodes to write; *Marooned* and *Polymorph* from Series Three, *Justice* and *Dimension Jump* from Series Four, *Back to Reality* from Series Five and *Psirens* from Series Six. Series Six? *Psirens*?

Yes, for the first time, you can find out exactly what happens in an up-and-coming episode of RED DWARF, as presumably this book was originally scheduled to coincide with the transmission of Series Six, until the aforementioned series was put

back until the Autumn schedules. Book publishers being notoriously obstinate over publication dates, I imagine that there was no way that they were going to similarly delay publication of this book.

So what about the scripts themselves. The quality of the writing is something that shines through all of them, but it is very hard not to harken back to the televised episodes to imagine how they should be realised, and this consequently diminishes any impact that they may have in print. This is not the case with *Psirens*, although certain scenes are not hard to imagine being enacted in front of you, and only leave this particular reader wanting to see the episode in question even more - it reads well. *Marooned* always struck me as a slow episode, but considering that it is quite deliberately structured a two-hander between Lister and Rimmer, leaves me wondering what it was about the episode in question that makes me dislike it so. Certainly not the acting. *Polymorph* was, for me, the story in which the RED DWARF we know and love today first saw the light of day, and *Dimension Jump* is the epitome of mixing science fiction and humour. *Justice* was always a slow-moving story, and the reading of the script does nothing to alter my perception, whilst *Back to Reality* was the script that Rob

Grant and Doug Naylor should have held back until they wanted to end the show for good - not only could they have disposed of all the characters without killing them off (always a downer in a comedy programme - see *BLACKADDER IV*), but it would have tied up all the loose ends of the series which any other possible resolution to the series would spectacularly fail to do. It is also bloody funny. On the plus side, the book reprints the scripts as they were written, complete with minor changes from the televised story (for example, the names of Melly and Bongo in *Dimension Jump* are written as Melissa and Tranter - although confusingly Ace does refer to them as Melly and Bongo...). More important is the decision to include technical information and stage directions in the text (Titan, please take note) which impairs the reading of the scripts in the same way that a cup impairs the taste of coffee - and just imagine how difficult it would be to drink coffee without a cup... There is even a handy glossary thrown in, just for good measure.

Eight pages of mainly new black & white photographs (another tip for Titan Script Books) from the series adorn the middle page, including one from *Psirens* (dig that haircut, Craig), making the book something of a well packaged commodity

Grant and Doug Naylor, but actually covers this dynamic duo plus Craig Charles, Chris Barrie, Danny John-Jules, Hattie Hayridge, Robert Llewellyn, Norman Lovett, David Ross and Ed Bye (with nothing on Paul Jackson, Juliet May or Hilary Bevan Jones). There's then an A to Z run down of all the actors and production crew who have worked on the series with their actual roles defined for each episode.

The book ends with *The Spin-Offs* which is basically a merchandise round-up. The two novels are dealt with in some detail to emphasise the differences from their equivalent sections of television narrative. The chapter continues with listings of the available badges, T-shirts (very comprehensive - the early ones should be very rare as the authors say), the videos, the sheet music, the magazine, the fan clubs, the programmes from recordings, the programme guide from Titan and of course the Virgin book itself. Tacked on the end is then something I've been after for a long time, a reasonably in-depth look at the US pilot for RED DWARF complete with synopsis. For somebody who's not had the chance to view it yet, this was invaluable and a major selling point for the book.

Overall then, despite its very dull and wordy appearance, this is a very reliable reference book to dip into for both information and general amusement. With Titan and Virgin now fielding books, it would seem unlikely that a third-volume chronicling the aspects so far omitted will materialise and indeed a 'comedy' volume more akin to *MONTY PYTHON's Big Red Book* or *The Goodies File* would be the obvious route for any other would-be writers to pursue. Alister Pearson's cover is - as usual - beautiful, although it would have been nice to have seen it in a larger size. For those who have held back so far from buying the Titan book, the choice is simple: for words get the Virgin book, for pictures opt for Titan. (7)

Andrew Pixley

- apart from the ghastly cover which features lots of cluttered type (in four different typefaces - yeauch!) together with a pretty naff photo cut-out of the crew on Starbug's flight-deck from Series Five stuck on a velvet background. Then again, Penguin Books seem to make it a rule that their publications look bland and boring on bookshelves - can't wait for the T-shirt...

If the book has a fault, it's in the choice of scripts. Although billed as the personal selection of Rob 'n' Doug (and as such can not be argued with), it's intention to trace the series from its humble beginnings to its humble present fails, because of the lack of scripts from its first two seasons. Surely scripts such as *The End*, *Kryten*, *Better Than Life* and *Queeg* warrant publication - Rob 'n' Doug can't seriously be that ashamed of them. It would have made more sense to publish a book featuring one 'least worst' script from each of RED DWARF's six seasons, thus giving the book more of an overview approach towards the show as a whole, not simply concentrating on those from the third series onwards. Or am I in the minority when I think that Series One and Two continually get a bum deal?

Marks out of 10? 8 (It dropped a mark for the cover.)

Richard Molesworth

QUANTUM LEAP

The Quantum Leap Book

by Louis Chunovic
Citadel Press \$16.95

The problem with doing books on TV series which are popular is that you usually have to write them whilst they're still on air. And the trouble with doing books on TV series which are still on air is that they pretty soon become out of date. *The Quantum Leap Book* from Citadel Press (soon to be a UK edition from Bantam) thus works rather better in the UK than in the US, as BBC2 is still trailing just over a year behind its US cousins.

As a nice coffee table volume, the book is impressive. Its large format has 160 pages of good quality paper, with many pages in full colour. The photographs, which form a good 50% of the book, are printed very large, and are very nice to look at. The text is a little more difficult to describe, but in many ways falls very short of being a definitive guide to the series, despite the 'official' status accorded it.

That is not to write the book off as worthless - far from it. Louis Chunovic has managed to include some very interesting material about the show's background (although there are still no satisfactory explanations regarding some of the programme's internal continuity and format inconsistencies). The first section of the book has creator/executive producer Donald P Bellisario himself talking about the origins of the show, which are quite fascinating. Then there's short character biogs of Sam and Al, before we launch into the pseudo-scientific explanation of Quantum Leaping, taken from the superb episode *Future Boy*.

Having moved to look at *Future Boy*, the author then considers the ingredients which make it such a good example of the series, comparing it to the Story Guidelines for the show. It should be dramatic, have a vital mission for Sam, make good use of the era, give Al a sub-plot and have a 'kiss with history' (Sam affecting historical events). Having defined the key

elements of 'Leap', 'Heart story' and 'Kiss with history', there is then a list of the episodes for which each element is briefly described.

This list is odd for three reasons. Firstly, of the fifty two episodes considered here, only sixteen have a 'kiss with history', and half of these are in Season One. It hardly seems to be a vital element of the show to consider. Secondly, the list only covers the episodes of Seasons One to Three (ie. up to *Shock Theater*) leaving Season Four unmentioned. Thirdly, the episode order within each season appears to be production order, yet *What Price Gloria?* and *A Portrait for Troian* which were made with Season One are arbitrarily stuck in the midst of Season Two.

"OK," you say, "So Season Four hadn't been transmitted when the author wrote the book," and are quite prepared to make allowances. But then you reach the next section that forms the bulk of the book. This is the leaps, from 1953 to 1999 in chronological order. And yes, this includes the twenty-two episodes, from *The Leap Back* to *A Leap for Lisa*, forming Season Four. Odd! Other oddities are that the pilot is listed first, despite occurring after several other episodes (although the author does point this out) and also that *The Leap Back* is given a 1999 date instead of its on screen 1945 one.

Louis has also simply reused the network and studio publicity synopses to form the basis of his 'episode guide' (which again he admits). The details thus vary wildly. *Star-Crossed* gets a whole column whilst the excellent *The Boogiemans* merits barely 100 words. The on-screen titles and writer credits are also less than 100% correct: *The Americanisation of Machiko*

is referred to as *Machiko McKenzie* as on the press release, for example. Aside from writer credits, director credits and original transmission date, there is nothing else in the technical field to indicate guest cast, additional crew or even the changes of producers and story editors. Still the photos are lovely.

After this 'episode guide', the book picks up again with some articles on design work on the series. This describes some fascinating attention to detail and in-jokes that have found their way into the programme, and also reproduces some nice design artwork. There are then some extremely interesting conversations with Scott Bakula and Dean Stockwell, the show's two stars, in which an excellent insight is given into production of this imaginative programme. The author then describes a day with the production team (Sunday March 15th 1992 to be specific) when the crew were hard at work on *Stand-Up*, a late entry in Season Four.

The book rounds off with the official studio biogs of Bakula, Stockwell, Bellisario and (Producer/writer/A Portrait for Troian) guest star & voice of Ziggy! Deborah Pratt and a short but intriguing piece about the series going on to have first-run syndication episodes - all in all though, there is very little meat concerning the development of QUANTUM LEAP, and the near-death reprieves it has had. Whilst the book is a visual treat, it would have been nice to have read more about the likes of Tommy Thompson, Chris Ruppenthal and Paul Brown amongst others. The format for the chronological episode guide is imaginative and fresh, but the flaws mentioned above are noticeable. (7)

Andrew Pixley

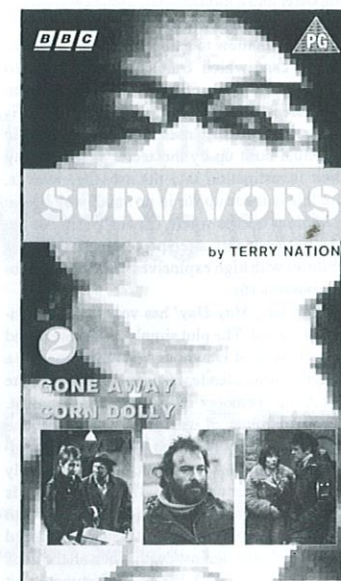
"But I'll going to keep on trying, in love. Love is dependence - Love is mutual survival."

SURVIVORS

YOU'LL probably notice, throughout these reviews, that I tend to be rather less enthusiastic than Peter Linford about the episodes I'm reviewing. It's not that I'm any less interested in *SURVIVORS* - it's simply that, by and large, Peter has the more dramatic, the more striking, and the more interesting episodes to review. As a general rule, if you're going to be selective, then the odd numbered tape of each pair is the one to get. There's a couple of exceptions, of course, but none of them here - neither of these episodes comes close to *The Fourth Horseman*.

After *Genesis*, it should already be clear that *SURVIVORS* is a drama series, not an adventure series, making it an exception among both post-holocaust series and British telefantasy. If you're not interested unless there's a shoot out and a threat of instant death each episode, then give up on *SURVIVORS* here, because only a few episodes will provide such things. But *Gone Away* shows that such things were intended, as it develops the threat posed by Arthur Wormley's self-appointed 'British Government', now determined to impose its control on the survivors through rationing of supplies. The nature of Wormley's regime, all bureaucracy ("You get a chit.") and talk of common ownership, is one of the few things which dates the series, fixing it as a product of the seventies. However, one can see a point underlying all the macho-hugger of Wormley's troops - it may only be an excuse for their behaviour, but the way Tom Price helps himself to Abby's stores without thought clearly shows how willingly some people would rely on the supplies located by more active types. A nice piece of plotting, that, as well - as Abby and co go hunting for stores to be confronted with the body of a 'looter', Tom loots their stores in turn.

It's a striking moment - despite the talk of rotting corpses, few bodies had been seen within the series until this point, the clearly calculated nature of the body hanging from the rafters of a supermarket impacts in an entirely different manner to *The Death*. Among Wormley's men, Brian Peck (the original Hannibal Leckter) makes his final appearance as the short-lived heavy Dave Long, the Travis to Wormley's Servalan. The three representatives of Wormley's regime are all pretty much archetypal - the vicious, smiling, 'brains'; the stupid abusive thug, and the decent chap caught up in something he can't stand (Robert Gillespie, who one half expects to join Abby's group, and probably would have done had he appeared later on in the season) - and their appearance here serves more to establish Greg's underlying nature than anything else - the direction the series was taking is shown by the way their vendetta against Abby and co. is resolved at the end of the episode. Meanwhile, Greg's knee-jerk denials of any responsibility for or towards Jenny (or anyone - but particularly Jenny) already seem transparently false. As a



loner, he becomes committed to the group by more than necessity much faster than his spiritual descendant, Avon would ever have done. But then, his comments about the developing communities of reasonable people show him to be far more of an idealist than Avon...

The threesome of Abby, Greg and Jenny work very well together from the word go, each demonstrating unexpected qualities in response to each other - Abby's collapse into tears, Greg's decision to turn on Long and co, and Jenny's unexpected display of pragmatism when Abby insists on collecting stores despite the danger ("The more help we give her, the sooner we'll be finished.") It's this which ensures that *SURVIVORS* remains more interesting than any string of shoot-outs could ever have been... (7)

Com Dolly is the first episode of *SURVIVORS* not to come from the pen of Terry Nation, and as Jack Ronder's debut it points the way to the series' future, in more ways than just that it introduces the character who would eventually become the series' lead. The cracks between the Nation and Ronder versions of *SURVIVORS* are already showing - Wormley's 'Government' is dismissed here as a group of nine without communications, so as not to prejudice Charles Vaughan's claim that "with the scarcity of people and the need to survive, everybody loves everybody."

That Charles is the first character whom we encounter before they meet the regulars indicates Jack Ronder's interest in him - he clearly sees him as a protagonist in his own right, which none of the previous characters were. With his duplicator and notices, Charles initially resembles a Martin Bryce-like neighbourhood watch organiser whose hour has finally come, but he soon becomes a magnetic figure, whose grasp of the situation is clearly better than that of anyone else we've encountered so far. He's already considering the background problems which

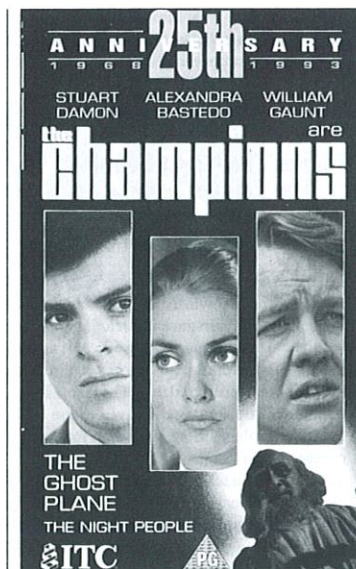
everyone else has been too busy to even think of given the battle for day to day survival - "What about the nuclear stations - were they shut down safely?" But his attempts at building a settlement are sabotaged by just such a danger, and there's nothing he can do about it. Though the revelation of his more extreme beliefs is so clumsy that it's difficult to believe that he won over the other women in his settlement with the same approach, he retains his credibility. Left isolated and abandoned at the end, Charles' determination to fight on in the face of catastrophes which clearly torture him makes him an admirable figure, whether he's right or wrong.

Right from the start, Charles accepts Abby as the only person who's come close to matching his thinking, which is probably why he seems to take her acceptance of all that he believes flows from the need to survive for granted, and she, like the script, does not try to demonstrate that he is wrong - merely insensitive to the feelings of those less attuned than himself to the needs of survival. The surprising thing about this episode is the absence of any emotional outbursts once Abby and Jenny realise what he's proposing - they may not like it, and they may reject it, but they almost seem to accept the logic of his proposition as a given. Similarly, Abby makes no attempt to stop him when Charles displays a shockingly pragmatic (but quite genuine) brand of compassion towards his ill friends.

By now, the blasé attitude towards the dead shown by the survivors has become an accepted fact, and that is in itself as chilling as *The Death* - an indication that we are not far behind the survivors in dehumanising the nameless millions killed by the plague (whose bodies can be left to rot, like those of the significantly named Mr and Mrs Smith whose remains Charles finds), separating them from those who have endured to form a part of this new society. Unfortunately the very fact of this hardening reduces the opportunities for dramatic conflict which this instalment needed if it were to catch fire.

If there's a subtext to it, it's that, while they may be getting on each other's nerves already, Abby Greg and Jenny have also become a family - their relationship has already gone beyond dependence into a form of love more genuine than that Charles envisages. Jenny has however has now lost the hidden strength she'd shown in the earlier episodes, beginning her disappointing descent towards dependent female. But while this makes it significant in the development of the series, *Com Dolly* lacks the edge it needed to match the series' earlier instalments, and it's probably the least impressive of the episodes on this first batch of tapes, working as well as it does only because of Denis Lill's superb performance as Charles. But then, that opening was always going to be difficult to match. (6)

Anthony Brown



The Champions: The Gilded Cage, Get Me Out of Here!
ITC 1687 £10.99 (May 10th)

For all William Gaunt fans *The Gilded Cage* is a must as the gallant star of *Revelation of the Daleks* takes centre stage in this intriguing tale. The adventure opens as two men breaking into Tremayne's Geneva office in search of Nemesis agent Richard Barrett's personnel file which they proceed to photograph. The intruders are confronted by Tremayne, but after a struggle they escape. Tremayne and Craig Sterling discuss the break-in and figure out that the intruders' next move will probably be some form of attack on Richard himself. But not long after Craig telephones Richard to warn him, the two felons arrive at his flat posing as delivery men. Using his superpowers Richard allows them to drug and carry him off, wrapped up in a carpet, right under Craig's nose. Richard awakes to find himself in a luxurious room with the beautiful Samantha, and even though she will not answer any of his questions, the bars on the windows and the heavily built waiters soon give Richard an idea of the situation he is in. It is quite a way into the episode that Richard discovers the reason for his capture, and until then he is determined to handle the situation by himself. Craig does most of the leg work trying to locate his partner but Sharron makes the briefest of appearances sitting by a roof-top pool in a bikini desperately trying not to shiver too much. William Gaunt puts in his usual well humoured performance and Jennie Linden plays the naive Samantha with style. Despite the rather basic premise of the episode the fifty-five minutes are well filled with sufficient twists, sub-plots and Barrett's rye humour to make for a satisfying whole. (8)

The setting for *Get Me Out of Here!* is the Caribbean island of San Dios where Professor Anna Maria Martes is preparing to leave after conducting medical research. Unfortunately the local Commandante of police, played by Ronald Radd, turns up as she checks out of her hotel and tells her she is forbidden to leave the island. Professor Martes is a native San Dionian although she left to live in the United States soon after she was deserted by her husband, Angel, at the age of sixteen. The government are now using Angel to keep the Professor on the island to work for them and improve the international standing of the island. Tremayne is determined that Professor Martes should be allowed to leave the island as her virtual imprisonment could well lead to the failure of her important work so he sends Stuart, Craig and Sharron to retrieve her. There is little more to say about this story other than Ronald Radd plays the bullying Commandante with his usual underplayed style, and Philip Madoc is totally miscast as the cowardly Angel. In fact Madoc plays what is supposed to be a cowardly peasant, rather than a lounge lizard, so badly that his

ARCHANGEL MEDIA Presents

REVERSE THE POLARITY

A "Day in the life" of Jon Pertwee

Thank you very much for *Reverse the Polarity*. The picture quality is excellent.

Julie Johnson
Customer

The location scenes made the video... "Starwatch" had me glued to the screen... The video has pride of place with my other Doctor Who videos.

S.J. Marriot,
DWM competition winner

Following their successful *Under the Hammer* video... Archangel Media have now released the second of their *A Day in the Life* series

Doctor Who Magazine

Reverse the Polarity is an excellent production, more than comparable to those of Mythmakers... Pertwee himself is compelling to watch... definitely worth a look.

Amanda Murray
DWB Reviewer

Also contains Jon in previously unseen footage from the pilot episode of "Starwatch".

Reverse the Polarity is part interview, part 'fly on the wall' documentary as Jon Pertwee talks to Liam Rudden about his life, from his very first job to his plans for the future.

Follow Jon through the streets of Edinburgh in search of Police boxes and tail him behind the scenes of a Virgin Megastore as he prepares to meet his fans for a video signing.

To order a copy of the video, send a cheque for £10 payable to:

George A. Cairns
Top Flat
125a Newland Avenue
Hull
HU5 2ES

voice is dubbed over throughout the episode. The best that can be said about this episode is that the production team did the best they could with the material available.(5)

The Champions: The Ghost Plane, The Night People

ITC 1688 £10.99 (May 10th)

Just off Hong Kong a flight of four USAF reconnaissance aircraft spot an unidentified jet fighter of advanced design travelling faster than anything known. This fighter then shoots down the reconnaissance jets leaving one lone survivor to tell the tale. Because there is no way that such an aircraft could have been built by the Chinese it is referred to as The Ghost Plane. Although little credence is given to the existence of the plane, there is enough interest for certain authorities to ask Nemesis to investigate. Craig postulates that the Chinese have made some breakthrough in the design of jet aircraft and suggests that it could only be the work of someone known to military intelligence. His research leads to Doctor Newman, a man whose plans for an advanced cooling system for jet aircraft was turned down for funding several years earlier. Meanwhile Richard and Sharon have obtained proof of the plane's existence, and a direct link to Doctor Newman's work. Thus the action switches to Newman's base in Cambridge and the attempts of the Nemesis agents to find out how Newman's plans could appear as a finished plane in China. In this episode all the skills of the Nemesis agents are displayed, from in-depth research to acts of espionage. The agents are seen both working together and as a team travelling all over the world to carry out their assignment. Having said this, the assignment they are on could have been accomplished by any competent agent and requires very little in the way of super human ability, in fact it seems a little unfair to set all three Champions against what turns out to be second rate opposition. (6)

The Night People is one of the most original episodes of THE CHAMPIONS, although story-wise it is far from typical of the series format, and, it must be admitted, could have come from any ITC series of the time. The episode opens with the murder of a Cornish poacher by a mysterious gang of white-robed assailants in the dead of night. Just by chance Sharon is on holiday in the area and her suspicions are aroused after a visit to a local landmark, Trenick House (in actuality this is Knebworth house, near Stevenage). Sharon 'phones Craig and Richard to tell of her suspicions but her call is intercepted and she is soon warned by the local witches to keep her nose out of things that do not concern her. It is soon after she finds a voodoo doll of herself pierced by pins that Sharon disappears. The rest of the story concerns Craig and Richard's attempts to find Sharon and solve the mystery of Trenick house despite the interference of the local coven. *The Night People* is highly atmospheric with heavy gothic overtones and Knebworth House, as always, proves an excellent backdrop for the spooky goings on. Alexandra Bastedo performs well as Sharon and the character has a refreshing no nonsense approach to the occult practices of the Cornish villagers rather than screaming at every cobweb. Again this episode calls not for exhibitions of superhuman skills, but for good detective work from three experienced agents. (9)

The Secret Service Volume Three

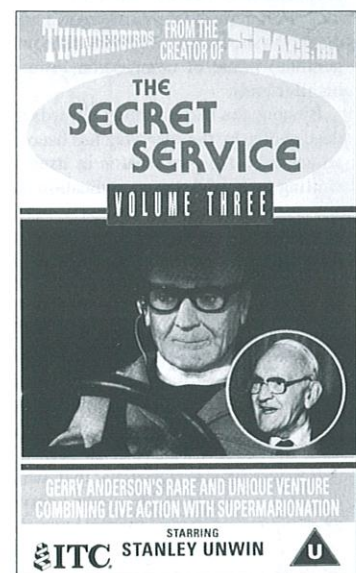
ITC 2023 £10.99 (24th May)

Recall To Service sees Father Unwin in uniform as he attempts to foil a saboteur in the British Army. A new tank is being tested and The Bishop has got wind of plans to sabotage the trials. Thus Unwin, as an army reservist, arrives at the base where the tests are to be carried out as their new chaplain, though his cover is slightly compromised when the com-

mander of the base receives orders to allow the priest access to all top security areas. But this only acts as a catalyst to bring the saboteurs out into the open, and with a miniaturised Matthew to help him, Father Unwin soon has the baddies on the run. This is a harmless episode with few surprises. The model work is of the usual high standard although the use of Angel fighter aircraft from Captain Scarlet is a little too obvious.(6)

It is an unwritten law that all Gerry Anderson series should have a dream sequence episode and *Errand of Mercy* proves that THE SECRET SERVICE is no exception. After a number of hours pottering about with Gabriel, Father Unwin has a funny turn, apparently due to the sun getting on his bald patch, and is consigned to bed. It is from his sick bed that the good Father's fancy takes flight, stimulated by a headline about a plague in central Africa. Unwin dreams that Gabriel can fly and that with Matthew as co-pilot he is to ship urgently needed drugs from a jungle clearing to Bishopville. Along the way the two intrepid aviators encounter several familiar faces in unfamiliar surroundings, with Mrs Appleby running a tea shop in the middle of the Sahara Desert. Despite the silly premise the episode actually works rather well at a certain level - it is good humoured without being too silly. There is even a certain amount of tension as Matthew and Unwin are captured by a tribe of cannibals who thankfully speak Unwinese.(7)

The Deadly Whisper is a basic espionage tale worthy of THE PROTECTORS. Father Unwin is involved in another case of sabotage when one of his parishioners is blackmailed into producing a sonic gun with which to shoot down an experimental aircraft, although the only worry that Unwin has at the beginning of the episode is organising the annual rose show. There is little more to say other than the story is well told with the correct mix of thrills and smiles. Watch out in particular for a scene in which the miniature Matthew has to share a kennel with a bulldog that insists on licking him. Look out also for Captain Black, making a guest appearance as the chief villain. (8)



The Secret Service Volume Four
ITC 2024 £10.99 (24th May)

The first episode on this tape, *The Cure*, is high in humour and low in drama. Yet again the subject of this story is sabotage - this time a top foreign agent, Sakov, is out to ruin the trials of a new fuel being tested secretly on a British racing circuit. Father Unwin is sent to keep an eye on Sakov when he takes a place at a health farm run by the eccentric Doctor Clam. It does not take the Vicar long to determine Sakov's intentions and send Matthew to scotch his plans. Indeed Unwin has more trouble with the diet of raw carrots he is prescribed and the Clam Recliner, a fiendish device invented by Doctor Clam to which Unwin is strapped for the good

of his health. Despite the witty sub-plot the story is leaden and has trouble filling its allotted time.(5)

In *School For Spies* Father Unwin and Matthew are set the task of solving a series of seemingly unconnected cases of sabotage. The only clue they have is eye witness reports of clergymen being sighted in the vicinity of a number of the attacks. Unwin soon follows up this lead with a visit to the hospital room of a priest who was involved in a car crash soon after one of the attacks. It does not take long for Unwin to spot that the crippled cleric is an imposter and a miniaturised Matthew is set the task of watching the invalid. It takes very little time for Matthew to gather all the salient facts of the case which enable Father Unwin to infiltrate the gang of saboteurs posing as an explosives expert. Once the organisation is infiltrated the story loses most of the dramatic potential built up by the secret agents during their investigation into the sabotage attacks, but this is made up for in no small way by the humorous scenes where Unwin, posing as the explosives expert, attempts to demonstrate his abilities with high explosives - abilities he does not possess.(6)

May-day, May-Day! has very little to commend it at all. The plot simply revolves around the attempts of Unwin and Matthew to save a middle-eastern leader from assassination at the hands of members of his own government. After a number of unsuccessful attempts the Arab king, Matthew and Unwin find themselves on a private jet with no air crew and only a time bomb for company. This episode stands or falls on its ability to thrill its audience with suspense and tension as they watch Unwin and Matthew battle against death when all the odds are stacked against them. Unfortunately it falls.(4)

The final episode of THE SECRET SERVICE is reminiscent of the Ealing comedies of the fifties and in *More Haste - Less Speed* the series shows that it is better suited to high farce than high drama. The episode opens with dastardly Lord Hazlewell and his scheming sister, Lady Martha, persuading a petty villain, Spiker, to help them obtain the second of a pair of counterfeit dollar bank note printing plates which they can sell to the highest bidder. The whereabouts of the second plate is known only to Mullins, another petty thief recently released from prison. Unwin is assigned by the Bishop, to follow Mullins and locate the printing plates. Things soon take a humorous twist as the four villains get together and proceed to plot amongst themselves to do the others out of their share of the proceeds of the sale. Humour turns to farce when Mullins is persuaded to reveal the location of the second plate and there is a mad dash across country to get to the plate first; by car, motorbike, biplane and ambulance. It is at this point that Unwin finds himself chasing after the villains in a miniaturised Gabriel, somehow managing to keep up with the pack. This is probably the best episode on which to end the series, as it is both witty and memorable without attempting the mundane tales of espionage prevalent in the other episodes on the tape. Despite its shortcomings THE SECRET SERVICE is still an enjoyable, light-hearted series with much to commend it. (7)

TimeSlip: The Time of the Ice Box

ITC 8116 £16.99 (May 24th)

"In the first six episodes of TIMESLIP we saw Liz and Simon fall into a time bubble and get carried backwards in time. What is a time bubble?"... So opens the second story of TimeSlip, The Time of the Ice Box, as Peter Fairley attempts to introduce the viewers at home to the concepts of relativity and universal space-time with the help of two balloons and a shiny suit. The retention of these introductions on the commercial release of the TIMESLIP stories must be commended as they give a real feeling of the times when they were first transmitted, but one can't help cringing as Fairley



ploughs through a script filled with the bizarre notions of certain scientists in the manner of a Jehovah's witness trying to doorstep Thora Hird. Eventually the explanation ends leaving the viewer none the wiser and we are invited to Watch now as Liz and Simon move once again through time..

After a short reprise of the previous episode's events the two children arrive in an icy landscape where they collapse from the cold within seconds. Liz's mother, who has been able to maintain a telepathic link with her daughter up to this point, suddenly loses contact leaving the Skinners and Commander Traynor unaware of the children's predicament. Simon and Liz are however rescued from the ice by a figure dressed in futuristic clothing who carries them back to his base, where they discover that they have arrived at The International Institute for Biological Research, a scientific base near the South Pole in the year 1990. The establishment, nicknamed the Ice Box, carries out research into all forms of advanced scientific procedures, including longevity drugs and artificial replacement surgery. Most of the staff are volunteers, guinea-pigs for the very techniques they are experimenting with. After a brief introduction to the crew of the Ice Box, including the very nice Dr. Joynton, the sinister Beth, and the very strange Morgan J. Devereaux, scientific genius and base leader, Liz and Simon manage to escape back to the time barrier and 1970.

Unlike the previous story the adults on the 1970 side of the time barrier play very little part in this plot beyond the second episode in which Traynor persuades both the children to go back through the barrier despite Liz's parents objections. It is at this point that one first gets a glimpse of the mysterious Commander's darker side and his willingness to manipulate the children for his own end. Traynor does however have a better grasp of the mechanism of the time barrier than any of the others, and it is he who postulates that the future that Liz and Simon are able to travel to is merely a potential future and may not actually happen, and that the children have it within their power to alter the future events. Needless to say both children get in and out of various scrapes and do not manage to get home safely at the end of episode six. Indeed the plot of this episode, which must be admitted is fairly simple, is secondary to the formidable characterisation and compelling atmosphere of the piece. All the characters are well defined and believable, with John Baron's Devereaux the pick of the bunch. As the technocrat Devereaux, Baron out C.J.s C.J., swaggering around the base barking orders in a terse American accent. The Ice Box set itself is a triumph, resembling in many ways *The Daleks'* city on Skaro, with left over props from U.F.O. scattered around. The joy of this story comes in watching Liz and Simon uncover secret after secret as they find that it is guilt, not technology, that fills the Ice Box...(9)

Anthony McKay

K9-BOOKS

A whole new world for fans of Dr. Who to materialise into.

Books, Magazines, Posters, Postcards, Models & collectables.

Come to K9-Books and see for yourself a wide variety of Dr. Who memorabilia and nostalgia. Meet other fans and make new friends.

GRAND OPENING

Sat 3rd July at 11 am.
at 88-92 Chapel St.
Salford, Manchester.

